

Horticultural.

Seasonable Horticultural Hints.
A correspondent of the *Farmer's Home Journal* says:

"Protect your fruit trees from damage by rabbits; now is the time to attend to it. I know of nothing better than blood, and it makes no difference from what animal it is procured. Every farmer has or ought to have, a hog-killing, when it is an easy matter to save enough blood in a bucket or other suitable vessel to paint any number of trees, from the ground up two feet; a whitewash brush, if at hand, is good for making the application, or you can make a very good substitute for a brush, by taking a piece of board two inches wide and of convenient length and tacking a piece of sheep-skin, with the wool on, on one end. A man can go over a thousand trees in a day, and one application is sufficient to protect for the winter. A small number of trees can be protected by tying paper or grass around the stems."

"Planting trees, both fruit and ornamental, may still be attended to at any time when there is no frost in the ground, but on no account use stimulating manures about the roots of trees in planting. If your soil is not sufficiently rich, spread manure on the surface after planting."

"Look out for damage from mice if you have trees of any kind heaped around your trees. Many valuable trees are lost every winter by not attending to this little pest, the gnawing of the tree at the ground, and you may not know anything about it until next summer, when you find the tree in a dying condition. His time for doing his destructive work is when there is snow on the ground, and if you have much grass in your orchard it will be well to tramp around the roots of your trees when you have a snow several inches deep."

"Look to your strawberry beds; they will be the better by having some covering to prevent the plants from being thrown out of the ground by freezing and sudden thawing. If your cultivation is by the stool system, you can make a heavy covering of straw over the entire beds, leaving a very light covering on the stools; and, besides winter protection, you have a chance to keep your fruit clean and a mulch of moisture in the fruiting season. If you grow your plants in matted rows, or broadcast, a very light covering is all you want, and more than that may smother your plants during warm spells of weather in winter. A thin soil will be benefited by an application of bone-dust before you spread your straw. You can use with profit bone-dust at the rate of 200 pounds to the acre."

Yellow in the Peach.

In Part First of the Transactions of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society for 1882, we find this subject discussed at considerable length, the chief and most valuable information being furnished by Prof. Gossman, of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, and by Prof. Penhallow, who reported his microscopic examinations. In an orchard examined by Prof. Gossman, the trees which grew on a piece of a knoll were much diseased, while those on lower or richer ground, and which made a more vigorous growth, were healthy. An analysis was made of a lot of branches from a healthy Early Crawford, and also from a diseased tree, and an analysis of healthy and diseased fruit. The greatest difference in fruit was that diseased specimens contained nearly twice as much lime as the healthy ones, and more phosphoric acid. In the branches the diseased portions also contained the most lime, but much less potash. Other analyses showed an accumulation of starch in the diseased trees. The experiment was made in 1878 of treating the affected trees with three or four pounds of muriate of potash, together with the usual quantity of a phosphatic fertilizer, for each tree, and the diseased branches were cut back once or twice to the healthy wood. The new growth of branches soon regained a green color. The trees are now reported in a vigorous condition. Subsequent examinations made by Prof. Penhallow showed that healthy wood had but little stored starch, while the diseased wood showed the invariable presence of large quantities of starch, and also an abundance of fungus growth, which first appears on the surface. The fungus is found on trees which, once diseased, have been restored by the treatment mentioned, which induced Prof. Gossman to suspect that the fungus might be the effect and not the cause of the disease. In applying the muriate of potash to a tree six or eight years old, it should be spread over a circle sixteen feet in diameter, but kept a foot away from the trunk. He prefers applying the phosphate in the form of dissolved bone-bark.

Winter Care of House Plants.

The December number of the *Gardener's Monthly* says:
"Most coal contains sulphur, and when burning the sulphurous fumes injure plants. In like manner there is some sulphur in illuminating gas, and it is given off during burning. Much of what is supposed to be the injury from dry air in rooms and greenhouses comes from sulphurous fumes. We have only to note how plants grow in the dry summer air, when they get food and moisture enough at the roots, to understand that a dry atmosphere is not unfavorable to good plant growth. Many persons are disgusted with plant growing from a prevalent belief that the atmosphere has to be as damp as a Brazilian swamp.
"In dry air, however, red spider, the most destructive of plant enemies, is apt to flourish. It is so small that one is not apt to see it until great damage is done. It is no larger than a needle point, and is generally found on the under surface of the leaf. They are called 'spiders' because they make webs like a true 'arachnid,' as the learned call those insects which belong to the spider tribe. If one has but a few plants this troublesome insect may be easily kept down by continual examination, and crushing with finger and thumb. There are, however, some plants which have leaves that will not admit of this sort of handling. It is, therefore, a good plan to place the plants on

their sides occasionally and syringe them with water warmed to about 130 degrees. Soapy and other washes often recommended are also great aids in this washing process."

"In watering plants much judgment is required, as plants suffer much more from over-watering than from any other cause. No one can teach exactly how to water plants. The knowledge must come from experience. The practiced eye detects by the color of the earth whether it needs water or not. Whatever may be the color of the earth employed in potting plants, it is always paler when dry than when wet. Again, the practiced plant-grower learns to tell by the weight alone. By lifting the pot the weight tells if too dry. If too wet it will be much heavier than it ought to be."

"Basket plants often suffer from too much or too little water. If from too little the leaves curl or fall, and the plants have a dried-up appearance. If too much, they get yellow and drop off. As a rule, a basket in a warm room should be taken down once a week, and soaked in a bucket of water, then drained and hung up again. Every day during the rest of the week a little water may be given the plants, and something put under to catch the drip. Some baskets have no provision for the escape of moisture. These are dangerous. Still some people manage to watch closely, and do well with them. Fern cases do best when given a little sun; for, though ferns are supposed to grow naturally in shady spots, it is because generally there is a more humid atmosphere there. If they can get this moisture, they rather like light."

Security for Cuttings.

The agricultural editor of the *New York Tribune* says: "Cuttings of currants, gooseberries, willows and such hardy roses and shrubs are root readily, are better set in autumn—the soil being then in good condition, and other work not pressing—than to be left till spring. They should be long enough for at least one bud to remain at or above the surface, and for the base to rest down in soil of steady temperature and moderate moisture, so that the slow preliminary process of callousing may have full time and opportunity to complete itself. The drawback to setting the cuttings in the fall is their liability to be heaved out by the frosts and liftings of the surface crust towards spring, when diurnal thawing intervenes."

"Straight, smooth sticks of cuttings set erect are almost sure to be heaved out, having no roots or side branchlets to anchor them. They may be saved from drying to death by pushing them down into place again firmly before the March winds come; but it is much better to keep them down either by a heaping of earth for the winter, or by laying a plank of some weight over them. Grape vines do best set in spring, because it is necessary in their case to secure an issue of roots in advance of the too readily excited leaf buds. To effect this the bases of the cuttings require to be kept the warmest."

"Even strawberry plants may be set out in light soil after they have ceased growing, and while the soil is dry enough, in some of the latest Indian summer days; and may also be protected from heaving by an inch covering of mellow soil or compost. The new growth of leaves and blossom peduncles will push up through this vigorously in April from strongly rooted plants well set in November. It is seldom possible to get strawberry plants out in spring so early as is desirable for their best growth, and the time is then always wanted urgently for many other sorts of garden and field work."

Raising Onion Seed.

From Berea, Ohio, famous for its onion growing, a practical grower writes to the *Country Gentleman*:
"What is also very important about onion growing, and the planting of home-raised seed, is that the better and more vigorous the seed parent, the more sure the crop, so that if the finest onions are set out for seed production, the onion farmer is almost guaranteed a general improvement in his crop, and he has not only made a saving of at least \$20 per acre to start with by sowing his own seed, but he has also gained a much larger amount by having good seed which will all germinate, and produce a superior quality of onions."

"The soil for seed onions need not be the valuable muck lands. Clay loam, well enriched with well rotted manure and a little sprinkling of phosphate, is quite as well adapted to the needs of the seed. The land must be well worked, to incorporate the manure thoroughly. In setting out the onions, there is a diversity of opinion between ridge and level culture, but the more general plan is to form the ridges as the onions are 'worked.' The rows are two feet apart, and the onion bulbs are placed six inches apart, and at least four inches below the surface. Then as the hoeing progresses, the ridge is enlarged so that it finally acts as a support to prevent the tops from falling, so that frames are not absolutely necessary, though caution must be exercised in the matter, for when a top has once come into contact with wet soil, it is very liable to blast, or produce 'light' seed, which may possess enough vitality to come up, but will result in an inferior onion."

"It is very necessary that the onions be kept 'clean,' so that the changing color of the stalk, which indicates the ripening point of the seed, may be due to that cause and not to contact with weeds, or starvation. The last days of August will show a strong yellow color to the tops, which calls for immediate attention. The tops are cut off with a few inches of adhering stem, and thoroughly dried for threshing. The best way is to purchase some fine cotton cloth, and make a sheet some ten or more feet square, and after placing the heads in the centre of this, they are beaten with a light rod until they have become finely powdered, when the operation of separation takes place. There are two processes to do this—one to fan it out of the chaff, and the other to subject the seed to the test of specific gravity. If for sale, it is quite likely that it will be inconvenient to procure tubs, water and skimmers; so the seed will be

'tested' upon a blanket, and the chaff removed. If for home use, a large shallow tub of some kind will be found, and partially filled with water. Upon this the seed and chaff will be thrown, and the whole mass thoroughly agitated for a moment. When left, the light seed and chaff will quickly rise to the surface, and the solid, vital seed will as quickly settle upon the bottom."

"This operation needs to be performed on some hot sunny day, for the seed must be dried at once. This is best done by stretching light cloth upon frames, so that they can be easily shaken, and often, for a few hours of continued moisture will ruin the seed, by destroying the germ. One day's drying will not be enough; it should be repeated for several days, and at last the seed should be carefully put into oiled paper sacks, and put beyond the influence of moisture and mice. A bushel of good onion seed, worth at least \$14. This quantity has been surpassed by careful attention, but even the amount mentioned seems a paying return for the labor—one that the extensive onion-grower cannot well afford to overlook."

A Good Place for Forest Trees.

The Lancaster, (Mass.) *Farmer* says, in alluding to the use which may be made of stony ground:

"There is on many farms more or less of ground so rocky that it will not repay the expense of cultivation, and all such spots should be planted with trees. These may be got out of the woods or farm nurseries; or what would be easier, cheaper and probably much more effectual, the seeds of various kinds of trees could be sown, imitating as nearly as possible the natural processes which have produced all the forests of the country. The seeds of the different trees should be gathered in the woods just at the time they fall naturally, and they should be immediately planted in little shallow holes among the stones and covered with a little earth. There the rains of autumn, the snows of winter, and the sunshine of spring would bring up a crop of young trees, which should be fenced in from cattle and left to themselves. They would require no labor after the first sowing and fencing except subsequent thinning out from year to year of those that were too crowded or most valuable for economic purposes. If hickory nuts, black walnuts, butternuts, chestnuts and the seeds of sugar plums, pines or spruces were any of them sown every here and there over the place intended for a grove, the most valuable kinds, and those that thrive best would be ultimately left to become great trees. After ten years the annual thinning of this grove for firewood, fencing, hop-poles, railroad ties, etc., would probably make as valuable a part of the farm as any other, and when the black walnut and butternut trees become large enough to be sold to cabinet-makers the value of the grove would be very great. The present race of farmers may say they would not live to see the trees become fit for the cabinet-makers, but none the less would the growth of that grove increase the value of the farm every year, and that whether the owner sold it or left it to his children."

Horticultural Notes.

With grape vines, overbearing is the main cause of imperfect ripening. When the fruit does not mature well, it is certain that the wood is unripe. It should be cut back severely, and the canes covered lightly with earth or brush and straw.

F. D. CURTIS says that twenty years ago he treated a stunted Fanseuse apple tree with a wheelbarrow full of leached ashes, and the tree shows the benefit of it to this day. Mr. Curtis also says that too many varieties of fruit are a nuisance, making an endless amount of work.

SALT is being freely used by certain New York nurserymen in their pear nurseries, for the purpose of counteringacting blight. Iron filings and coppers in solution have been used for the same purpose. If these remedies do not prevent the disease, they at least correct a disposition to blight.

E. WILLIAMS, in the *Rural New Yorker*, says the Salem, claimed to be the best and most promising of the Rogers' hybrids, with him sets too many small and imperfect bunches, that it is a vigorous grower, but apt to mildew both flower and fruit, and that the fruit sometimes rots badly.

A New York quince grower recommends the sowing of salt on the ground around quince trees, not as a manure, but as a means of making the fertility of the soil more available. He deprecates the practice of emptying the brine from meat about the roots, as the alkaline dose thus given frequently kills the tree.

DR. STURTEVANT says that in growing melons it seems well to add a handful of sulphate of potash, or several handfuls of wood ashes, to each hill. The effect seems to improve greatly the quality of the fruit grown, and if his experience is sufficient to generalize from, he would say that the addition of potash in excess to the soil upon which the melons are grown will add an excellent quality to the fruit.

Never apply pure hen-droppings or any pure guano directly on seeds and plants; apply pure guano to the soil. It will destroy the germ of most plants. Properly prepared fowl manure may be applied with benefit to any crop, field or garden, broadcast or harrowed in, but is more economically employed in the hill or row. As good a plan as any, probably, is to gather the droppings as often as once a week, and mix with say twice their bulk of earth.

"A WRITER in the *Ohio Farmer* says there is one fact in reference to dwarf pears which many are ignorant of, and that is that all varieties of pears does not succeed when budded upon the quince. One variety does better upon the quince root than it does upon the pear. This is the Duchess. From 70 to 90 per cent of all dwarf pears sent out by nurserymen now-a-days are of this variety. So universally is this sold that many suppose that there is but one variety of the dwarf, and know the Duchess as the dwarf pear.

There is much difference in the table qualities of different varieties of the turnip. Some are fibrous and strong flavored, others are coarse and spongy, and a few are sweet, tender, and really pleasant to the taste. The white strap-leaf, and red-top strap-leaf, are usually considered to be among the best; but we have found the Jersey Navel, a comparatively new variety, superior to any other, the rutabaga expected. This is a large white turnip, ready in kidney and liver diseases.

in form, growing largest at the bottom. It is very hardy and productive, and when cooked is tender and sweet and free from fibre."

"It is the common observation that the standard of natural health and normal activity, among American women, is being lowered by the influence of false ideas and habits of life, engendered by fashionable ignorance and luxurious living. It is a happy circumstance that Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham has come to the front to instruct and cure the sufferers of her sex."

Aptarian.

Bee-Keeping as a Business.

Few people are aware of the importance of the bee-keeping business in Michigan, or of the amount of honey annually gathered in the State. Dr. Whiting, the local authority on aptarian questions, estimates the Saginaw County crop for the present season at not less than 40,000 pounds, a large portion of which finds a market in other States.

Under the old system of bee-keeping aptarians used to gauge their success by the number of swarms produced. Now, however, within certain reasonable limits, "swarming" is considered a misfortune, and a new "swarm" a loss, for a populous colony will keep at work and gather more honey than the two "swarms."

The article pointed out signs and used as a device on one or two State seals is no longer recognized as a bee hive, for its place has been supplied by something more convenient. Many of our older readers will remember, perhaps some of them have used, the process of extracting honey by smoking the bees to death and thus safely getting at the sweets they have stored up, taking white comb and yellow, bee bread, pollen and young bees in one indiscriminate mass. Processes have changed with the times, and now honey is extracted by the centrifugal process, not only being as pure and white as that in the white comb, but the bees are not disturbed and the coarser article is left for "home consumption"—that is, the bees consume it and do not seem to feel angry or discouraged because they have been robbed.

In the not very old times a bee-keeper felt satisfied if he got 15 or 20 pounds of yellow honey per colony, and considered himself peculiarly lucky if he did not get his head stung off in the operation. Nowadays, aptarians consider less than 100 lbs. of honey per colony a poor season's work, and he must have a strong and healthy colony of bees left as well as honey.

Bee-keepers now take as much pains to improve their stock as cattle or horse breeders. No slow-going bees are tolerated; they must get to work early in the morning and keep at it until late at night, and to get bees to this industrious disposition the bee men send to the uttermost parts of the earth.

Among the States, Michigan stands in the front ranks in the bee-keeping business. The first society for improvement in bee-keepers' methods or appliances was started in Michigan, and its success has been such that the greatly increased production of honey and consequent reduction in price is fast causing the article to be regarded as a necessity, rather than a luxury.—*Saginaw Evening News*.

Starvation a Remedy for Foul Brood. Professor A. J. Cook, in the *New York Tribune*, says:

"Foul brood is a disease caused by a fungus attacking the larval bees. It often destroys whole apiaries of hundreds of colonies in a few weeks or months. It is contagious, being spread by the simple carrying of honey, by robbery or otherwise from a diseased stock to a healthy one. Only the brood is diseased. In its decay there is given off a terrible stench, which he who runs may smell. The cappings of cells containing diseased brood are concave, instead of convex, as they are if the larvae are healthy. In the center of the capping will be a small hole, as if pricked with a needle. The dead brood will exist as a brown, rosy or stringy mass, as the dead larva will not hold its form when pulled from the cell. This brown, rosy condition is the surest indication of the disease."

"Mr. C. F. Muth removes the bees to a clean hive, and then feeds salicylic acid in solution, using equal parts of the acid and borax, that it may be soluble in water. This acid is well known as an excellent fungicide, and was first discovered to be a cure for foul brood by the Germans. The Germans use, however, pure acid dissolved in spirits. The honey in the old hive is extracted and boiled. The comb is melted into wax, and the hive and frames either burned or kept some minutes in boiling water. Great care must be taken that no other bees get any of the honey before it is boiled. The fungus spores are killed by the heating to 212 deg. F."

"Mr. D. A. Jones jars the bees till he is sure they are all filled with honey, then shakes them in front of a clean hive, which they enter. Here they are kept without food till they begin to die of starvation, from 30 to 50 hours. Then they are fed and are rid of the disease. The old honeycomb and frames are treated as already described. If Mr. Jones is correct in thinking he has cured many cases of this dreaded malady—and it is hard to see how he can be in error—then it would appear that the fungus spores can only be conveyed in honey, or if conveyed otherwise are impotent to do harm. Mr. Jones says he can cure this terrible plague as easily as he can transfer a colony of bees from a box to a movable frame, alive! If so, this is very important information."

"A Wonderful Thing in a Seed." Says some song writer, and 'tween he adds: "You can sow today; to-morrow will bring the blossom that proves what sort of thing is the seed, the seed, the seed you sow."

All of which is true. And Hunt's Remedy is a wonderful thing. Also, it is, as is testified by experience. You give it to one who is severely afflicted with dry, or some liver or kidney disease, and "to-morrow," or a little while, reveals "what sort of thing it is; for it proves itself to be 'the friend in need,' the cure for which you have been seeking. This is the experience of thousands. We do not fear, but invite the most rigid testing of Hunt's Remedy in kidney and liver diseases.

Root Pruning.

The experiments were made on the apple and pear. A vigorous apple tree eight or ten years old, which had scarcely made any fruit buds, has done best when about half the roots were cut in one season and half three years later, by going half way round on opposite sides in one year and finishing at the pruning, working two feet underneath to sever downward roots. It has always answered well also to cut from such trees all the larger and longer roots about two and a half feet from the stem, leaving the small and weaker ones longer, and going half way round, as already stated. The operation was repeated three or four years later by extending the cut circle a foot or two further away from the tree. By this operation unproductive fruit trees become thickly studded with fruit spurs, and afterward more profusely. This shortening of the roots has been continued in these experiments for twenty years with much success, the circle of the roots remaining greatly circumscribed. The best time for the work has been found to be in the latter part of August and beginning of September, when growth has nearly ceased, and while the leaves are yet on the trees, causing greater increase of bloom buds the following year than if performed after the leaves had fallen.—*London Garden*.

Swindlers Abroad.

If any one has represented that we are in any way interested in any bogus bitters or stuff with the word "Hops" in their name, heating honest folks, or that we will pay any of their bills or debts, they are frauds and swindlers, and the victims should punish them. We deal in and pay only the bills for the genuine Hop Bitters, the purest and best medicine on earth.

HOP BITTERS MANUFACTURING CO.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Hop Bitters are the Purest and Best Bitters Ever Made. They are compounded from Hops, Malt, Buchu, Mandarin and Delon—the oldest, best, and most valuable medicine in the world, and contain all the best and most curative properties of all other remedies, being the greatest Liver, Purifier, Liver Regulator, and Life and Health Restoring Agent on earth. No disease or ill health can possibly long exist where these Bitters are used, so varied and perfect are their operations.

They give new life and vigor to the aged and infirm. To all whose employments cause irregularity of the bowels or urinary organs, or who require an Appetizer, Tonic and mild Stimulant, Hop Bitters are invaluable. Highly curative, tonic and stimulating, without being intoxicating.

No matter what your feelings or symptoms are, what the disease or ailment is, use Hop Bitters. Don't wait until you are sick, but if you only feel bad or miserable, use Hop Bitters at once. It may save your life. Dyspepsia have been cured by Hop Bitters. \$5.00 will be paid for a case by Hop Bitters. Do not suffer or let your friends suffer, but use and urge them to use Hop Bitters. Remember, Hop Bitters is no vile, drugged, drunken nostrum, but the Purest and Best Medicine ever made; the "Invalid's Friend and Hope" and no person or family should be without them. Try the Bitters to-day.

W. L. PAGE, of W. L. Page & Bro., Franklin St., Richmond, Va., June 3, 1882.

THE MILD POWER CURE. HUMPHREY'S HOMOPATHIC SPECIFICS. In use 31 years—Each number the special preparation of an eminent physician. The only Simple, safe and sure medicine for the people. Sold by all druggists.

1. Fever, Congestion, Inflammation, etc. 2. Worms, Colic, or Teething of Infants. 3. Diarrhea of Children or Adults. 4. Stomachic, Griping, Bilious Colic. 5. Cholera, Cholera, Vomiting, etc. 6. Headache, Toothache, Rheumatism, etc. 7. Neuralgia, Bilious Stomach, etc. 8. Dyspepsia, Indigestion, etc. 9. Catarrh of the Bladder, etc. 10. Whites, too Profuse Periods, etc. 11. Croup, Whooping Cough, etc. 12. Asthma, Erysipelas, Eruptions, etc. 13. Pleurisy, Rheumatism, etc. 14. Fever and Ague, Bilious Colic, etc. 15. Piles, Hemorrhoids, etc. 16. Scalds, Burns, etc. 17. Whooping Cough, violent Coughs, etc. 18. General Debility, etc. 19. Kidney Disease, etc. 20. Urinary Weakness, etc. 21. Disease of the Heart, etc. 22. Dropsy, etc. 23. Dropsy, etc. 24. Dropsy, etc. 25. Dropsy, etc. 26. Dropsy, etc. 27. Dropsy, etc. 28. Dropsy, etc. 29. Dropsy, etc. 30. Dropsy, etc. 31. Dropsy, etc. 32. Dropsy, etc. 33. Dropsy, etc. 34. Dropsy, etc. 35. Dropsy, etc. 36. Dropsy, etc. 37. Dropsy, etc. 38. 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Caro-Jeffersonian: W. Cleaver, while splitting kindling last week, cut a cash in his ankle. The cut was not dangerous but lockjaw set in. He was taken to the hospital, and after some treatment, he was discharged.

A man named Flanagan recently skipped from his home in the house and everything else he could turn into money, and embezzled \$230 of the school district funds.

Coldwater Republican: Thirteen dead peacocks, lying side by side on white paper, are a sight often seen in Coldwater, and one work looking at them. They are shipped to New York and used as signs.

The Jackson police are after the proprietors of the gambling houses of that city, but have great difficulty in getting convictions, owing to the impossibility of proving that money is actually lost and won at the tables.

Amos and James Hawkins, the men who rescued an old man named Irish, last fall, near Bancroft, relieving him of \$100 and nearly \$1000, are now in the hands of the law. They were sentenced to State Prison for 14 years each, last week.

Ann Arbor Argus: The Washtenaw County Agricultural Society will have to borrow \$400 to pay its premiums and interest bills. The society elected last week for 1883 were C. S. Gregory, president; J. E. Sumner, secretary, and W. B. Smith, treasurer.

An Albion woman who filled her oven full of kindling wood and went to visit a neighbor, found when she came back that she had a quantity of excellent charcoal, a dead canary and house plants, and ceilings that needed whitewashing.

Dogleg Republican: Isaac Rhodes, a wealthy farmer, living two and a half miles southwest of Edwardsburg, was killed by the cars while attempting to cross the railroad track with a team, not realizing the near approach of the fast mail train.

A little girl at East Tawas got a cinder in her eye last October, and it being neglected, a film grew over the eye, and soon after the other organ of sight also became affected. She was recently taken to Ann Arbor, but nothing could be done for her, and she is now totally blind.

Flint Globe: George Shelton is shipping Christmas stock to Bay City. The last week he sent 34 head of fine deer from the best breeders and feeders in the county. He also purchased the finest load of dressed hogs yet brought in nine carcasses weighing 2,836 lbs., an average of 314 lbs. each.

There was a panic in the school at Hastings last week, and the Bannan says the children ran, hid, tumbled and rolled out of the building in great confusion. Nobody knew what was the matter, and nobody knows yet, but everybody was badly scared. In the afternoon they all declared that they had seen "the last one out."

On the morning of the 25th, Mercy Hospital, at Big Rapids, a large frame institution situated beyond the reach of the first company, caught fire from a stove in the chapel, and was totally destroyed. The inmates, about 60 in number, were removed, and have been provided for, but the Father Cusick library was lost. There was an insurance of \$5,000 on the building.

Grand Rapids Eagle: Last week a man called at the house of C. J. Moore, near this city, and asked permission to warm himself. After he had been in the house a few minutes two other men appeared, who presented revolvers at the heads of the occupants, and the first company picked up a quantity of silverware, two watches and other valuables. They then left and have not since been heard of.

Battle Creek Journal: The practice of turning cattle into fields of standing corn stalks has resulted disastrously so many times this fall and winter, owing to the unusual quantity of sun on the stalks, that the farmers here are disconcerted. A few mornings ago, Deville Hubbard, of Marshall, found two of his cattle, a valuable steer weighing 1,400 pounds, and a heifer weighing 1,300 pounds, dead in the field, from the effects of the sun on the corn stalks containing their growth.

Recently a farmer near Chesaning, sent his son out to feed the horses. The boy discovered one animal was missing, and seeing nothing of it, he went to the barn, and found the horse in the stable, having climbed the stairs leading to the loft. The next puzzle was how to get him down, but by ruzzing the sliding, and stacking cornstalks against the side of the barn, he was driven out to terra firma. The horse must have been extremely hungry, or else accustomed to a wood-saving machine.

General.

Beer will be advanced \$1 per barrel after Jan. 1.

F. B. Gardiner, lumber dealer of Chicago, has failed for \$60,000.

A fire at Corsicana, Texas, destroyed property valued at \$150,000 on the 18th.

At Victor, N. J., Moore's bank suspended on the 21st. It consisted of \$100,000 in New York, a building 11 stories high, and costing \$150,000.

Gen. Abner Buford's turf business has suspended. He had too much sporting news for religious readers and too much religion for turf men.

Dennis Donovan, champion wrestler, died at Natick, Mass., last week. His record of 50 miles in 6 hours 18 minutes is the fastest ever made.

Fire starting in Hagerty's auction house, 511 Washington St., New York, on the 21st, destroyed property valued at \$150,000 to \$200,000.

W. W. Watson managed to get a forged check for \$5,679 cashed at the Farmers' Bank, Buffalo, on the 21st, and succeeded in making his escape.

A gas explosion in John P. Lovell & Sons' powder and sporting goods house, Boston, last week, caused loss of \$150,000 and a series of small explosions.

Reports to the Iron Manufacturers' meeting at Pittsburgh show that while prices are low the volume of trade is good, and next season's prospects bright.

James Wilson, treasurer of DeWitt County, Illinois, committed suicide on account of his ill health, at Chicago, last week. His accounts were all straight.

The heaviest foreign mail ever taken from New York was sent by the steamship Scythia, on the 21st. It consisted of 211,575 letters and 243 parcels of newspapers.

The Sioux Indian Commission has arranged a treaty with 4,300 Indians of Sioux tribes, by which a vast territory is opened for settlement and free access to the Black Hills secured.

At Shelbyville, Ind., John Runk, arrested for wife beating, was taken to a doctor, dressed in an indignant mood and treated to a dose of the same medicine, being whipped nearly to death.

A street car in Seventh avenue, New York, was set on fire by some person who threw a lighted match into the straw on the floor, and it took three engines and two trucks to put it out.

A fire at Buffalo on the night of the 21st destroyed the office of the Commercial Advertiser, loss about \$175,000. The paper lost its \$300,000 worth of type.

St. Thomas, Ont., is greatly excited over the proposed removal of the office of the Canada Southern Railroad from that place to Detroit, to prevent the removal of the office to Detroit.

The Senate refused to pass a resolution to adjourn for the holiday, but as leave was low, adjournment has been granted to eighty members likely much business will be done.

A SPECIAL CHRISTMAS OFFER TO FARMERS!

For Two Weeks Only.

HANDSOME PRESENTS FREE!

For the next two weeks we offer special inducements to purchasers of tea and coffee.

READ WHAT WE WILL DO!

For the next two weeks we will sell five, ten and twenty pound caddies of tea at the following low prices, and with each caddy will give one of the presents as mentioned:

5 lb. Caddies Tea, all kinds, \$2.50 and \$3.00, and with each caddy a handsome silver plated castor, worth \$1.50 at retail.

10 lb. Caddies Tea, all kinds, \$5.00 and \$6.00, and with each caddy a handsome vase lamp, bronze lamp, silver tea set, or a handsome silver plated castor, worth \$2.50 at retail.

20 lb. Caddies Tea, all kinds, \$10.00 to \$12.00, and with each caddy a beautiful hanging lamp, chamber set or pair of handsomely framed pictures.

Call or address

W. A. KING,

142 Gratiot Avenue, - Detroit, Mich.

Six Floors Devoted to CARPETS, CURTAINS, Upholstery Goods!

When in Detroit Call in to See our New Fall Goods.

Leading Styles! Large Variety! Low Prices!

Abbot & Ketchum,

141 Woodward Ave., DETROIT.

CHOICE SONGS & BALLADS, WORDS and MUSIC Complete.

Angels are watching above. Daring I'll come back to thee. It's home where mother dwells. Dars one mo' ribbon for to cross. The beacon lamp on the hill. My Bonnie Jennie Lee. Come and meet me on the shore. The drunkard's dream. Over the good-byes. Father of the shingle. The lassie that's so true to me. The lassie that's so true to me. The lassie that's so true to me.

And 75 other Choice Songs, all for 17 cts. post-paid. PATTEN PUB. CO., 47 Barclay St., N. Y.

"ACME" Pulverizing Harrow.

Clod Crusher and Leveler.

I have invented a Self-Supporting Board Fence, made of posts, can be built in the days on rainy days; costs 30 cts. a rod less than post and board fence. It is not patented, but for 20 cents I will send you the following: Penitentiary, 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th.

THE OLD RELIABLE HALLADAY STANDARD WIND MILL.

Superior to any other mill. 17 Sizes 1-10 H.P. Power. Adopted by U.S. government at forts and army garrisons and by all leading railroad companies of this and other countries. Also the Celebrated 12 FEED MILL, which can be run by any power and is cheap, effective and durable. It will grind all grain into flour at the rate of 6 to 10 bushels per hour, according to quality and size of mill used. Sent on application and Price List. Address: U.S. Wind Engine & Pump Co., Batavia, Ill.

FAIR PLAY.

If your dealer does not keep the "ACME" for sale, don't let him palm off an inferior tool on you by assuring you that he has something better, but SATISFY YOURSELF by ordering one ON TRIAL. We will send it on trial, and if it does not suit you may send it back, we paying return freight charges. We don't ask for money or note until after you have tried it on your own farm.

Send for Pamphlet containing Hundreds of Testimonials from 44 different States and Territories.

NASH & BROTHER.

Sole Manufacturers, Harrisburg & 22 College Place, Penn. New York.

Please name this Paper.

SEED FERTILIZER.

Will be mailed free to all applicants, and to customers of last year without obligation. It contains about 15 pages, 60 illustrations, prices, accurate descriptions and valuable directions for planting 100 varieties of Vegetable and Flower Seeds, Plants, Fruit Trees, etc., invaluable to all, especially to Market Gardeners. Send for it. D.M. FERRY & CO. DETROIT MICH.

Ready for Mailing on and after December 15th, 1882.

HERCULES POWDER!

FOR Stump Blasting!

ISRAEL B. NORCROSS, Agent, 212 Genesee St., East Saginaw, Mich.

FOR SALE CHEAP

Cambria Duke of Airdrie No. 31995. A fine red roan bull, four years old, bred by Avery & Murphy, sired by the Duke of Airdrie, perfectly kind, a good getter and nearly all red; cannot use him longer in our herd. Also two black and red roan and deep red, nine and four months old, would exchange for fine wool ewes. For further information call on or address

PARSONS & BALDWIN, Waterville, Mich.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

MOST EXTENSIVE PURE BRED LIVE-STOCK ESTABLISHMENT IN THE WORLD.

New Importations Constantly Arriving.

Choice Breeding Stock.

CLYDESDALE HORSES, PERCHERON-NORMAN HORSES, THORNTON-BRED ROADSTERS, HOLSTEIN AND DEVON CATTLE.

Our customers have the advantage of our many years experience in breeding and importing large quantities, opportunity of comparing different breeds, low prices, because of cash business and low rates of transportation. Catalogues free. Correspondence solicited. Mention Michigan Farmer.

POWELL BROS., Springfield, Crawford Co., Penn.

NEARLY 1,000 RECORDED PURE BRED

Percheron-Norman Horses

Imported and Bred by M. W. DUNHAM, OAKLAWN FARM, Wayne, Du Page County, Illinois.

468 OF THE FINEST Imported from France by him during the past 12 months.

(259 since July 1st.)

Being more than the combined importations of all other importers of all kinds of Pure Bred Horses in any previous year; and more than have ever been imported and bred by any other man or firm during the entire business career.

These three statements grade horses are not included to swell numbers or mislead.

Come and see for yourselves the greatest importing and breeding establishment in the world. Visitors always welcome, whether they desire to purchase or not. Carriage at depot. Telephone connection with Wayne, with private telephone connection with Oaklawn.

Dated Sept. 1, 1882. Send for Catalogue M.

MICHIGAN Bromine & Salt Co.,

Midland, Mich.,

AGRICULTURAL SALT

The following is a copy of the chemical analysis of the salt manufactured by this company:

Chloride of Sodium..... 92.74
Chloride of Potassium..... 2.40
Sulphate of Lime..... 1.50
Chloride of Calcium..... 1.25
Chloride of Magnesium..... 1.33
Water..... 2.00
Insoluble residue, oxide of iron..... .22

100.00

R. C. KEDZIE, Prof. of Chemistry, LANSING, MICH.

This salt is sold in bulk in car load lots. Address Michigan Bromine & Salt Co., Midland City, Mich.

Salt in Agriculture.

STATE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, LANSING, MICH., Dec. 3, 1879.

E. S. FITCH, Bay City, Mich.

DEAR SIR:—The specimen of Refuse Salt you forwarded me from Bay City has been analyzed and gives the following result:

Chloride of Sodium..... 57.74 per cent.
Chloride of Potassium..... 2.40
Sulphate of Lime..... 1.50
Carbonate of Lime..... .40
Carbonate of Magnesium..... .60
Oxide of Iron..... .37
Water..... 6.38

99.31

Refuse Salt of the salt works contains essentially of Chloride of Sodium, containing but a very small amount of salts of lime and magnesium, and only traces of Chloride of Potassium and Oxide of Iron. For manure purposes the Refuse Salt is more valuable, as it contains nearly two and a half per cent. of Potash Salt, which is one of the essential elements in the ash of all land plants. The sensible amount of Lime and Magnesia salts also make it more valuable as manure than pure salt would be. The coloring properties of Oxide of Iron are so strong that the refuse salt is much more colored than almost any other salt. It is also more valuable than pure salt in that it contains enough Chloride of Sodium, and in addition compounds of potash, lime and magnesia, which are all valuable in plant growth. Respectfully,

R. C. KEDZIE, Prof. Chemistry, Agricultural College, Bay City

THE MAN WHO IS UNAQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY WILL BE EXAMINED THERE-ABOUTS.

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RY

Call the attention of travelers to the central position of this line, connecting the East and the West by the shortest route, and carrying passengers, without change of cars, between Chicago and Kansas City, Council Bluffs, Leavenworth, Atchison, Minneapolis and St. Paul. It connects in Union Depot with all the principal lines of road between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans. Its equipment is the most complete and beautiful of any line in the West. For particulars, call on J. B. Sheppard, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, or on J. B. Sheppard, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul.

ALBERT LEA ROUTE.

A New and Improved Line of Passenger Cars, recently been opened between Richmond, Va., Nashville, Louisville, Lexington, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Kansas City, Omaha, Minneapolis, St. Paul, and Chicago. For particulars, call on J. B. Sheppard, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, or on J. B. Sheppard, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul.

Through Passengers Travel on Fast Express Trains.

Tickets for sale at all principal Ticket Offices in the United States and Canada.

Baggage checked through and rates of fare as low as competitors that offer less advantages.

For detailed information, get the Maps and Route, or call on J. B. Sheppard, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, or on J. B. Sheppard, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul.

AT YOUR NEAREST TICKET OFFICE, OR JOHN R. CABLE, E. ST. JOHN, Vice-Gen'l & Gen'l Mgrs. of Pass. Agt. CHICAGO.

FARMERS' SONS AND DAUGHTERS CAN MAKE

For Month or Two. Address E. A. HACKETT, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

DIRECTORY.

Michigan Breeders.

CATTLE—Shorthorns.

H. H. HINSH, Stanton, Montcalm Co., breed of Shorthorn Cattle and American Merinos. 1877-78.

W. M. GRAHAM, Rochester, Oakland Co., Cattle for sale, either bulls or cows. Write for prices. 1877-78.

GEORGE W. STUART, Grand Blanc, Genesee Co., Mich., breeder of thoroughbred Shorthorn Cattle, Registered Merino Sheep, and Jersey Red Swine. Correspondence solicited. 1877-78.

W. C. WIXOM, Wixom, Mich., breeder of Shorthorn Cattle, of Shorthorn, Lady Helen, and Ayley families. Stock for sale. All correspondence will receive prompt attention. 1877-78.

W. M. BAIL, Hamburg, Livingston Co., breeder of Shorthorn Cattle, of Shorthorn, Lady Helen, and Ayley families. Stock for sale. All correspondence will receive prompt attention. 1877-78.

W. M. & ALEX. McPHERSON, breeders of Shorthorn Cattle of the most valuable families, Howell, Mich., Waterford, Oxford, and Yorkshire, Young Phyllis, Lady Helen, and Ayley families. Stock for sale. All correspondence will receive prompt attention. 1877-78.

THOS. BIRKETT, Breeder of Shorthorn Cattle, Base Lake, Washtenaw County, Michigan, Young bulls and cows for sale. Correspondence solicited.

J. LESSITER, Jersey, Oakland County, Mich., breeder of Shorthorn Cattle, Shropshire and Southdown Sheep. Stock for sale.

FRED. A. BEARD, "Clyde Valley Herd," Aikins, St. Clair County, Mich., breeder of Shorthorn Cattle. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited.

JOHN McRAY, Romeo, Macomb County, Mich., breeder of Shorthorn Cattle. Young bulls and heifers for sale.

E. FISK & SON, Johnston, Barry County, Mich., breeders of Shorthorn Cattle, Registered American Merino Sheep, Poland China and Jersey Red Swine. Stock for sale. All correspondence will receive prompt attention. 1877-78.

N. CLAPP, Wixom, Oakland Co., breeder of Shorthorn Cattle and Berkshire Swine. Stock for sale. Write for prices.

W. E. BOYDEN, Delhi Mills, Washtenaw Co., breeder of Shorthorn Cattle and Western Sheep. Young stock for sale. Correspondence solicited.

Jerseys.

W. J. C. DEAN, Oaklawn Herd, Hanover, Mich., Stock of the Alpha and other noted Jersey cows for sale. All stock in the American Jersey Cattle Club Register. Price very low. Write for quality of stock. Farm 1/4 mile east of the Village.

Holsteins.

W. M. A. ROWLEY, breeder and dealer in Dutch Friesian (Holstein) Cattle and Registered Berkshire Pigs. Resides on the farm of the Grand Trunk Depot, Mt. Clemens. 013-2m.

W. K. SEXTON, Howell, importer and breeder of Thoroughbred Holstein Cattle. Stock farm three miles south of Howell. 013-1m.

A. UNDERWOOD, Addison, Mich., breeder of Holstein Cattle. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited.

Devons.

A. J. BURROWS, Troy, Oakland Co., Proprietor of Oakland Herd of Registered Devons. Awarded seven prizes at State Fair on nine head—two firsts, three seconds and two thirds. Stock for sale. 013-1m.

Galloways.

R. B. CARUS, Essex, Clinton Co., Michigan, A. St. Johns P. O. Breeder of Galloway Cattle, American Merino Sheep and Essex Hogs. Correspondence solicited.

Heredford.

BROOK FARM HEREFORDS. David Clark, Proprietor, Lapeer. Correspondence 04-1m.

Sheep—Merinos.

A. DAM DIERL, breeder of registered and unregistered American Merino Sheep. Stock for sale on very reasonable terms. Correspondence solicited. 035-1m.

J. & E. W. HARDY, Oceola Center, Livestock, trading to best advantage. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. 019m-2m.

J. H. THOMPSON, Grand Blanc, Michigan, breeder of Registered Merinos of Ayrshire stock, descendants of most famous families of bred animals. Size, form and quality of stock a specialty. 030-2m.

C. M. FELLOWS, Manchester, Washtenaw Co., I keep on hand at all times a large stock of Registered Merino sheep of my own breeding or purchase. Stock always for sale.

W. O. & B. BARNES, Byron, Shiawassee Co., Michigan, breeders of American Merino Sheep and Poland-China Swine. A choice lot of young stock for sale at reasonable prices. Correspondence solicited.

FRED C. WOOD, Saline Mich., breeder of Registered Merino Sheep. Young stock for sale. Correspondence solicited.

WILL N. ADAMS, breeder of and dealer in Registered Merino Sheep. A choice lot of Rams for sale. Correspondence solicited. Residence in Blackman; P. O. Jackson, Mich.

J. S. BARNES, Highland, Michigan, Oakland Co., breeder of Registered Merinos, bred from best stock in the State, of high grade. Ewes and Rams for sale at fair prices.

A. WOOD, Saline, Mich., breeder of thoroughbred Merino Sheep. A large stock constantly on hand. 041-2m.

Spring Brook Breeding Farm.

Fresh Importation of Holsteins.

Our importation of Holsteins or Dutch-Friesians has just arrived in good shape, and are a very nice lot. We can spare a few first class animals at reasonable prices. Address: PHELPS & SEELEY, North Farmington, Mich.

PHILIPS & SEELEY.

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Agricultural College.

Stock for Sale.

Two Berkshire boars, one year old, the other 7 months, registered stock. Four Essex boars 6 to 8 pigs and three sows, 3 to 4 months. All well bred and of good quality. A bull calf, Jersey Cattle Co. Registered, 10 months old, of high grade. Ayrshires of both sexes. Correspondence promptly noticed. Address: SAM'L JOHNSON, Superintendent of Farm, LANSING, MICH.

Registered American Merinos.

Ewes and Rams for Sale.

I have a few registered American Merinos, both ewes and rams, for sale. Some of the ewes were purchased from Mr. Wm. Ball, of Hamburg, prices very reasonable. Address: W. GAGE, South Lyon, Mich. Nov-26-1.

PREMIUM STOCK FOR SALE.

Address S. H. TODD, WAKEMAN, OHIO, for circular and price list and learn how cheap you can get premium Poland China or Chester White hogs to raise and ship to market.

Don't forget to send twenty-five cents for my valuable book treating on the diseases, care and management of swine. n-3m

A FEW

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Poetry.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

What's this hurry, what's this hurry,
All throughout the house to-day?
Everywhere a merry scurry,
Everywhere a sound of play.
Something, too, 's the matter, matter,
Out-of-doors as well as in,
For the bell goes clatter, clatter,
Every minute—such a din!

Everybody winking, blinking,
In a queer, mysterious way;
What on earth can they be thinking,
What on earth can be the play?
Bobby peeping o'er the stairway,
Bawling into a little shout;
Kitty, too, is in a fair way,
Where she hides, to giggle out.

As the bell goes cling-a-linging,
And swift feet go springing, springing,
Through the hallway to the door,
Where a glimpse of nose and pocket,
And a little rattle, rattle,
Makes such sight and sound and racket,
Such a jolly bustle, bustle,
That the youngsters in their places,
Hiding shyly out of sight,
All at once show shining faces,
All at once scream with delight.

Go and ask them what's the matter,
What the fun outside and in—
What the meaning of the clatter,
What the bustle and the din,
Hear them, hear them laugh and shout then,
All together hear them say,
"Why, what have you been about, then,
Not to know it's Christmas day!"

—St. Nicholas.

BROWN HANDS.

Full many a page has been written,
And the gifted have sung in the praise
Of the white hands and fingers,
In a score of poetical ways;
This is all very well for a lady
Who lives among diamonds and silk,
But sometimes in life a farmer's wife
Is obliged to do housework and milk.
And woman's best mission throughout our dear
land
Is faithful in the strength of the little brown hand.

When the roses are blushing the sweetest,
And the vines climb up to the eaves,
When the robins are rocking their babies
To sleep 'mong the maple leaves,
The sunshine smiles down 'cross the threshold,
When the labor of love seems but rest,
Whoever rocks the household fireside
Or keeps the dear home-nest;
Oh! I pity you all who can understand
The wealth and the worth of a little brown hand.

If I were a man with a fortune,
A million laid by on the shelf,
If I were a youth—if I wasn't, in truth,
If I wasn't a woman myself—
I know what I'd do in a minute,
(White fingers have often mistled),
I'd seek after those whose rich dining show
Acquaintance with puddings and bread;
I'd see all the dainties words could command,
And be proud might I win a little brown hand.

Miscellaneous.

MY WEDDING MORNING.

Over-anxiety to Reach the Church, and its Results.

It was fully half past ten o'clock when Daisy Bell and I parted for the night. I say that I was a lingering, reluctant parting—for Daisy was one of the sweetest women in the world. I had, indeed, an idea, approaching as near to certainty as anything in this world could do, that Daisy was the very sweetest girl in all the land. She was not tall, neither was she what is called short; she was not stout, neither was she what we might call thin; her hair was a decided rich brown; her eyes were a soft hazel gray. Yet, with all her attractions, I am ready to confess that Daisy Bell was not a pretty girl, as the general acceptance of the term goes. To criticise her face very keenly, indeed, some might be inclined to say that she was rather a plain girl; and it might be objected that her chin was a little too large and square in its formation; her nose might be objected to as not being sufficiently large; her eyes and lips I cannot satisfactorily describe, for to my mind they had not their equals in all the world; the first were large and very tender in their expression, yet when animated they would light up with wonderful lustre, and strangely expressive of great joy or deep sorrow as well as of the most sympathetic commiseration for the suffering of others.

We bear much talk of the "language of the eyes." I will not write one word against anything that has been said, or indeed can be said, upon that subject; for I do not think it possible that too much can be written on that ever-interesting topic, and I can maintain, without the slightest fear of contradiction, that my Daisy's eyes were full of the most glowing language and touching eloquence—eyes once looked upon never to be forgotten; and I much question whether they could have been equalled—certainly they could not have been surpassed—by any eyes in England.

Then to describe her lips. What shall I say of her lips? In my eyes they were the very essence of sweetness. They were not by any means thin lips; neither were they in the slightest degree objectionably large or heavy; and they rested, if I may use such an expression, lightly and lovingly upon each other; and when she laughed, or even smiled, showed two rows of pearly teeth which they enclosed, that gave a touch of beauty almost impossible to describe; but, for the matter, anything I could write would fall short of what I could wish to say on the subject. Our vocabulary, indeed, appears to be altogether inadequate to describe the peerless charms of my Daisy, as she appeared in my loving eyes. So you will see, from my description, that Daisy Bell was neither a pretty nor a showy girl, yet there was that indescribable something, that comeliness about her which every one is compelled to thoroughly understand, and which nobody has yet, so far as I can ascertain, been able to satisfactorily describe—the charm which encircles a thoroughly happy disposition, a joyful heart, a certain superiority of intellect which puts aside all the small affairs of life as unworthy of that consideration which would cause the slightest discomfort or annoyance.

Then she was so thoroughly practical in all her ways, and that without the slightest ostentation; at the same time I should

like it to be perfectly understood that she had as much poetry in her nature as most women for all matters where poetry could lend a charm to what was on the tapis at the moment, and I never heard any private lady read poetry with more true feeling than Daisy Bell.

I would further add that there was such an unmistakable, thoroughly good look about her face and expression that every one who had the good fortune to make her acquaintance was irresistibly drawn towards her, and wished to cultivate her friendship. And I would further assure the reader that this young lady was really as good and lovable as the people believed her to be.

Then, again, she was not clever, that is, not particularly clever, at any one thing, yet whatever she attempted she did fairly well. She could play much better than many young ladies whom I have met in society, who make a great pretense of playing, and "show off" at every possible occasion. Her voice was not powerful, but there was a sweetness and sympathetic expression about her notes that could not fail in going straight to the heart of every one who listened to her song. But enough of this. Perhaps I may have dwelt upon this subject a little too much, for I know there are many of our acquaintance who would consider my description of Daisy Bell very much overdrawn. Perhaps it is, but at the time I wrote of I had a notion that it was impossible to overestimate her character, and that she was the very best of her sex in the world, and I don't know that I have ever had much reason to change my opinion.

She was quiet, sedate and ladylike in all her ways, with a slight inclination to seriousness. I mention this trait only for the purpose of telling my readers what I subsequently discovered, that she had for several years been, under a *nom de plume*, a regular contributor of humorous verse to the best of all comic journals.

Daisy Bell and I were to be married at the parish church of St. Benedict, at 11.45 on the morning after the wedding, sweet parting which I have described at the beginning of this sketch, and we had spent all the evening in addressing cards to our many intimate acquaintances, and very heartily we laughed and joked over the way in which we fancied they would be received by some of the parties who were, as we thought, ignorant of the step we were about to take.

The eventful morning came, and it was bright and clear and sunny as bride or bridegroom could desire; and for myself, such was my state of pleasant bewilderment, that, to use an old and hackneyed saying, I hardly knew whether I stood on my head or my heels; yet, such was the force of habit (although I had received permission to be away from the office for two or three days on the occasion of my marriage), as the ceremony was not to take place until 11.45, and having nothing else to occupy my time, I found myself at the office at the customary hour in the morning, intending to do a few little routine business that might call for my attention, and go direct from there to the church.

I had only time to hang up my hat and take my usual place at the desk before a messenger arrived from our head clerk, stating that he had been taken very ill in the night and would not be able to attend to business for a short time, as the doctor had positively forbidden him to move out of bed that day; but he hoped that by keeping quiet for two or three days he would be able to return to his duties by the end of that time.

Here was a precious predicament for a fellow to be placed in! the whole duties and responsibilities of the office resting upon me; and I had at most only two hours to get through a hard day's work. Well, there was nothing for it but to set to work at once and slave away like a nigger; so I opened the letters and got through the preliminaries as best I could. Whether it might be that I was too excited to approach my work with that calmness that ought to characterize all sound transactions, I cannot tell; but certain it is that everything seemed to be beset with difficulties, and some small annoyance or impediment met me at every turn. When I wanted a sheet of paper there did not appear to be any of the proper sort in the right place; if I laid down my pen it appeared something like an hour before I could find it again. Altogether, indeed, I felt much in the position that most people may have experienced in their dreams when they had fancied themselves invited to a dinner or evening entertainment, as it may be, with friends among whom there are certain to be many ladies, and the dreamer finds it impossible to lay hands upon some indispensable piece of dress, without which he cannot make a presentable appearance. As it was I barely escaped a thorough breakdown, and to make matters worse the governor, whom I did not expect to turn up before eleven o'clock, (his usual hour), I did not, as it happened, see at all this morning; for as was sometimes the case, though I must say it was rarely occurred, this was one of the occasions when he did not arrive at his usual time; so that after scrambling on in the manner I have described through the most pressing business, I was obliged to scribble on a sheet of paper what I had done, and leave some message with a young lad, the only other clerk we had; and this is how it came about that I left myself only five minutes to reach the church—a distance which would take the fastest Hansom cab in London ten minutes at least to cover the ground.

Of course my readers will easily understand I was tremendously excited, and told the cabman to drive like mad, and that I would give him half a crown extra if he could reach the church in time for me to keep my appointment; so off he went at a tremendous pace. I saw nothing as we went along, and heard nothing, my whole thoughts being absorbed in the one idea of reaching the church in such time that I should not be blamed for being shamefully too late—for I would not have caused one moment's anxiety or pain to my little wife that was to be for any consideration in the world—when suddenly I heard a crash, and felt myself being hurled somewhere; then everything appeared to mix up in one grand conflagration of light and dazzling bewilderment, suddenly collapsing into total darkness and oblivion.

How long I remained in this state I have not the most remote idea; all that I can remember is a dull, undefined sense of pain and discomfort; and when I did recover consciousness, the first object that met my eyes was that darling girl Daisy sitting by my side, tenderly holding one of my hands in her own. As I opened my eyes and looked in her face, she stooped down and kissed my cheek, and to this hour I feel certain that she left a tearful trace; and I do candidly believe that the tear had more to do with healing my broken leg than any other operation performed upon it. I have here unwittingly told my readers what I did not know myself. From Daisy I learned that I had met with a very bad accident, from the cab in which I was driving at a furious pace coming in violent collision with one of Pickford's vans, and that I was then a patient in St. Bartholomew's Hospital; but it was not until some time after, when the doctor and nurse came to dress my wounds, that I learned how much I had been battered and maimed in the accident, my right leg and right arm both were broken, and my head more knocked about than the reader would care that I should describe.

When I had somewhat recovered and gained a little strength—it might be the day after I returned to consciousness—among other matters, naturally I felt anxious to ascertain a little more in detail how the accident, which had crushed me so much, came about, and this is how it was explained to me:

As I have already told the reader, I had bribed the cabman, by the promise of half a crown, to accomplish the ten minutes' distance in five minutes, and he was doing the best in his power to urge his horse—not a very good one, by the way—along at such a speed as would entitle him to the reward, when, turning a sharp corner of the road, a chicken—which had been chived by a turbulent dog—in its vain attempts to fly, gave a loud cackle and bounded against my horse, which, being startled by this playfulness on the part of the chicken, shied and made a sudden dash forward, bringing the cab in violent collision with one of Pickford's heavily laden luggage vans.

The reader knows the rest, except that the cabman, who was thrown with some force over the horse's head, sustained no further injury than having his hat smashed to pieces and a cut upon one of his hands, to which, in common fairness, I ought to add a rather "heavy" black eye. Yet, instead of being thankful for coming out of the accident with so little damage, the ungrateful mercenary wretch, so soon as I had sufficiently recovered to leave the hospital, had the audacity to sue me for damages, and got them, too; just as if I had been either the dog or the chicken! This I thought very hard, seeing that the man was driving his own horse, and ought to have known the disposition of the animal, and been prepared, therefore, for any accidental encounter such as we met with; or as if I had not been damaged enough by his careless driving! But I daresay the reader, especially if he is a little advanced in life, may have observed how difficult it is to get a jury to take a reasonable common-sense view of matters of this description.

Except from Daisy I got but scant commiseration in my suffering; some of my friends, especially those who had been invited to the wedding breakfast—which of course did not come off, there being no wedding to celebrate—were kind enough to say it served me quite right, and I ought not to have expected anything else to happen to me, after the disgraceful manner I had behaved to my friends, and I thought of nothing of the unpardonable slight I had passed upon that uncomplaining young lady, who, they protested, was much too good for me.

If I had kept my appointed time at the church, they argued, the accident could not possibly have occurred, as we should have been in the middle of the marriage ceremony at the moment when the dog was chasing the chicken, and made it bang against the horse; nor would Pickford's van have been at that identical spot at the time when I was passing, and so forth, to the climax.

And my employer was, if possible, more annoyed than my friends the "wedding guests." He told me he considered it a most inconsiderate thing for me to arrange to be married on the very day that I ought to have known Mr. Stiff, our chief clerk, would be suddenly taken ill, and there would be no one but myself left in the office competent to open the letters and attend to the ordinary routine duties, which was little short of ruin to neglect, and that the whole proceeding was most unbusinesslike and unbecoming my position as a junior clerk in the respectable house of Juniper, Jacks & Company, who held an unblemished reputation in the city for unflinching promptitude in all their transactions; and it required all the influence I could bring to bear through the intervention of kind friends in the matter, and I had many who exerted themselves, to get me reinstated in my former position, and then only on the faithful promise that I would take good care such misconduct should never occur again.

Need I add that Daisy Bell and I took advantage of the very earliest opportunity—before I had entirely laid aside my crutches, indeed—to go through the ceremony that had been so abruptly and so rudely interrupted by the playful dog and the frightened chicken? But on this occasion we took the rather wise precaution of having the ceremony performed on Sunday morning, when there was no chance of office engagements unexpectedly turning up to throw impediments in our way.

A Knabe in the White House.
(From the Baltimore American.)
There was seen yesterday at Mr. Knabe & Co.'s factory a magnificent concert grand, just finished by the presidential mansion. President Arthur, who is a thorough connoisseur of music, in selecting a piano for the White House decided in favor of the Knabe Piano as his preference, and ordered accordingly the instrument referred to. It is a concert grand of beautiful finish in a richly carved rosewood case, and of superb tone and action—an instrument worthy in every respect of the place it is to occupy. It was shipped to its destination yesterday.

SHE WOULDN'T BE JEALOUS.

"No, sir!" exclaimed Harry Vane, as he threw himself back in his easy chair, and gracefully removed a fragrant Havana from his lips for the purpose of exhaling a cloud of the perfumed smoke; "no, sir!" he repeated, "I wouldn't marry a jealous woman if she was the richest heiress in the world. I have a natural taste for variety, do you see; and the most I want of a wife is to keep house for me, and take care of things, and give me a little leisure to make myself agreeable to womankind in general. When nothing more agreeable turns up, why, of course, then you have the privilege of entertaining the wife, and the consolation of knowing that her husband is the most accomplished lady killer in town, will, I take it, be ample compensation for all her services in my behalf. But you see if she were any way jealous she might not think so."

"It would be possible, I should think," said Walter Everett, "that she might be inclined to disagree with you. I should think any woman who loved you would naturally object to such an arrangement."

"Oh, pshaw, Everett!" exclaimed Harry; "that proves you to be a novice. Don't you know that love in a female heart is made up of just two elements—vanity and self-sacrifice? Just give a woman a husband she is proud of, and you—oh, that is, you might not be able to—but a man of my accomplishments can coax her into anything under the sun. Wait till I marry! I'll show you how to manage a wife. I'll show you how to unite all the freedom of a bachelor with all the privileges of a Benedict."

Walter smiled, and puffed away at his cigar in silence.

The two young men were clerks in a large mercantile establishment in the city. They occupied apartments in the same house, and were generally on very close and intimate terms. Perhaps it may not be necessary to inform the reader that Harry was somewhat of a coxcomb, though he was by no means so immoral as might be inferred from his own account of himself. This Walter knew, and he could therefore listen to his occasional strains of gaseousness with the utmost serenity, even though perfectly aware at the time that the speaker entertained serious ideas of finally bestowing the ineffable honor of his name and protection upon a certain little cousin of his own, Miss Susie Wentworth.

His confidence went so far as to lead him to conceal from the said young lady the sentiment so frequently expressed, we cannot vouch, indeed, the writer has the idea that the two frequently talked over in private this unfortunate failing of their mutual friend, and studied frequently to devise some method of reducing the proportions of Harry's organ of vanity.

Nothing very effectual, however, was accomplished during the courtship, and in process of time Mr. Harry Vane entered the state of matrimony, under the full conviction that his loving Susie possessed not one spark of jealousy.

To do her justice, she was not naturally of a jealous disposition; but beside her innate amiability in that respect, she had a little bit of that shy, womanly pride, which made her resolve that she wouldn't be jealous. No, indeed, she would never be pointed at as a jealous wife, neither should Mr. Harry Vane have the pleasure of insinuating that he managed his wife, that she was instructed and trained at home to look conveniently in the other direction, whenever he chose to open the invincible battery of his fascinations upon any innocent and unsuspecting young female. No, no; the little lady was too acute for that.

It therefore happened that whenever at ball or party Mr. Harry Vane made himself particularly agreeable to any lady, Mrs. Harry Vane also cultivated the same individual. If Mr. Harry Vane only danced with the young lady, or escorted her out to supper, Mrs. Harry Vane contented herself with the most amiable inquiries after the said young lady's health, and gracious hopes that the family at home were quite well. If Mr. Vane danced twice or three with the young lady, Mrs. Vane straightway invited her to call, and intimated that she should very soon give herself the pleasure of visiting the young lady, and if matters went still further, and Mr. Harry Vane indulged in a little *deco-déte*, or a flirtation, Mrs. Harry Vane immediately fixed a day, and asked the young lady to tea.

By this sly way of fighting fire with fire, she had succeeded in extinguishing half a dozen glowing *penchant*s in the bosom of her liege lord; while, at the same time, the uniform sweetness and amiability of her own conduct could not fail to deepen the admiration and respect which Harry had possessed for her when he married her.

So it went on for a year or two, and Susie found herself a mother. After that, things seemed to mend a little; but baby's charms soon lost their power, and Susie's trial took another form. Her loving heart, which was constantly, though quietly, watchful of Harry's slightest movements, was wounded at its most sensitive point. Harry frequently left home without inviting her to accompany him, or even informing her of his destination. Much as her anxious fears were startled by this new shadow upon her domestic peace, Susie had the discretion to say nothing, but meanwhile to double her assiduity in winning him to home pleasures. All her efforts, however, availed her little; at least one evening in the week he continued to spend away from her. It is possible at this juncture she may have taken her cousin, Walter, into her confidence.

One beautiful morning in July Harry seemed in no hurry to go down town. He lingered reading his newspaper after breakfast till nearly nine o'clock, and then dressing himself carefully in his handsome suit, carelessly bade his wife good morning, and strolled leisurely up the road, instead of going down it, toward his place of business. The quick perceptions of his wife had noticed a strange disquietude in his manner all the morning, and she smiled a quiet smile to herself, as she stood before the mirror in her own room, arraying herself in her most becoming walking costume. For Mrs. Harry Vane was going out, too.

She fitted a dainty pair of boots to her pretty feet, and tightened the fastenings of her sweetest pair of kid gloves, put on her

most bewitching bonnet, and then took the last glance in the mirror to assure herself that there wasn't a sweeter or more captivating little woman than Mrs. Harry Vane. "He has good taste, at any rate, she soliloquized, "and that is one consolation." But the little half-sigh which closed the sentence intimated that it wasn't so very consoling after all.

After her own toilet was completed, baby was dressed in his richest and most spotless robes, and Mary was intrusted with the precious charge and bidden to follow her mistress. Down the road tripped the little lady, taking the shortest way to the river side. Here lay the steamer, with flags flying and whistle blowing, just ready to convey a party of happy excursionists down the river. Mrs. Harry Vane tripped lightly over the pier, followed by Mary and baby, and the next moment the gallant steamer with its holiday company was fairly under way. Mrs. Vane walked leisurely to the fore part of the vessel, and there apparently very much to her surprise, discovered Mr. Vane sitting in most attentive proximity to a handsome and showy young lady, who was evidently quite the slave of Mr. Vane's fascinations.

"Why, good morning, Harry!" exclaimed Mrs. Vane, in her sweetest and most cordial tones; "this is, indeed, a delightful surprise. I had not anticipated the pleasure of your company. After you left home I happened to notice the advertisement of the excursion, and baby seemed so alluringly that I thought it might do him good to take an excursion; so I dressed myself as quickly as possible and hurried down here."

What could Mr. Harry Vane say in reply to this most amiable and wife-like greeting? Mrs. Vane was not at a loss, however, to fill up the pause which his hesitation occasioned.

"This lady is a friend of yours, I presume—introduce me to her, Harry," said she, turning to the lady. "Mr. Vane's circle of friends previous to our marriage was so very extensive, that I have not even yet made the acquaintance of all of them. I hope, however, to know them all in the course of time, for nothing gives me greater pleasure than to entertain Harry's friends. Your name is—? I didn't quite understand."

"Miss Wentworth," replied the lady, bowing stiffly. "Ah! yes, Miss Wentworth," said Mrs. Vane, complacently. "I do not recollect hearing Harry speak of you; but it is all the same; my memory is very treacherous; and indeed he might have mentioned your name, casually, you know, a dozen times, and still I might have forgotten it. But bless me! where is the baby? Mary, come here."

Mary answered the call, and placed the blue-eyed little wonder in the arms of its delighted mamma.

"Mamma's precious little darling! Was it warm?—so it was. Mamma will take off its hat—so it will. Does—it does it see its papa?—there, so it does, and knows him, too!—precious angel! See! Miss Wentworth, see how well the little darling knows its father, and he isn't four months old yet." And Mrs. Vane danced the chubby, red-faced little thing up and down in Mr. Vane's face, and asked, enthusiastically, "Didn't Miss Wentworth think he was just the image of his 'pa'?"

There were several of Harry's acquaintances on board, by whom the affair was thoroughly understood; and it was not long until the story passed from lip to lip, and smiles and titters and jokes at poor Harry's expense circulated in every direction. He excused himself as speedily as possible from the society of the ladies, and walked moodily to the other end of the boat, and there stood contemplating what he should do to extricate himself from this dilemma.

"What the deuce am I to do?" he soliloquized. "To blow out at her, as I should like to, would only raise a row and circulate the story; and I can't get rid of her, for the boat won't put back, I suppose, on my account. Gad! if the water wasn't so hot, I'd drown myself. To bring that red-faced little imp with her, too! It is a pretty child enough, though; of course it is a pretty thing to see by my child; and she looks deuced pretty herself, too, to-day. She's a vast deal prettier than Madge Wentworth ever was—the baggage! If I ever get out of this scrape, catch me risking my reputation for another bold flirt like her!"

Meanwhile Miss Wentworth, who possessed a deal of womanly tact in her way, had overcome in a measure the embarrassment of her first meeting with Mrs. Vane, and had entered very affably into conversation with her. The baby, as if determined to do its part, was as sweet-tempered as its mamma, and cooed and laughed to the infinite delight of Miss Wentworth, who, pretended to be, exceedingly fond of pets. Mrs. Vane's amiability was perfectly irresistible, and when Mr. Vane returned he found the two ladies on the best possible terms. When dinner was announced Mrs. Vane called to Mary to take the baby, and raising, exclaimed, "Mr. Vane, give your arm to Miss Wentworth," at the same time appropriating the other to her own use; and we will hurry in to dinner. This stiff breeze gives one such an appetite."

At dinner, Mrs. Vane's first attentions were given to Miss Wentworth, and the least failure upon the part of Mr. Vane (who, to tell the truth, was a little absent minded), to observe the wants of that young lady, was reprimanded by Mrs. Vane.

"My dear, Miss Wentworth will take some more fowl," said Mrs. Vane. "Harry dear, help Miss Wentworth to some of these delicious peas. Miss Wentworth, allow me to assist you to some of this sauce; I assure you it is delicious."

After dinner, the two ladies, with the baby, retired to the ladies' cabin, and Harry enjoyed an hour's immunity from the society of either. He retired at ten o'clock, and let his wife know that his fragrance served, in some measure, to calm his troubled mind.

It was nearly dark when the excursionists returned, and Harry called a cab for the ladies, and directed the driver to his own residence.

The last two hours, and I must protest against her being driven a mile or two out of her way upon my account."

Harry was obliged to acquiesce and Mrs. Vane had the satisfaction of leaving Miss Wentworth at her own door, and bidding her a most affectionate farewell, with the hope that she had enjoyed the day, and would experience no inconvenience from the fatigue it had occasioned her.

That was the last of Harry Vane's wanderings. The name of Miss Wentworth was never mentioned in his house; and there was no allusion to his faults, but Susie had conquered.

She is gray-haired now, and her failing strength is supported by the tenderness of her grand-daughters; and it may be that to them she sometimes repeats the story of the woman who wouldn't be jealous.

A GRAND IDEA.

Bishop Harris, of the Episcopal diocese of Michigan, gave utterance to a grand idea, when he suggested that his church should erect and maintain a theological college, near the university at Ann Arbor, so that, while the student may enjoy the religious instructions of the church, he may also have the secular training of the State's "Alma Mater." This idea contemplates perfect separation between Church and State—the religious education being entirely voluntary and self-supporting.

I do not know why this is not a good idea—good in the highest sense. All denominations might cluster around the university. Religion has always fostered learning—good morals are at least worth as much to a man as good property. Indeed, good property is apt to be the reward of good morals, and Christian theology has had an incalculable influence in moulding the virtue of civilization.

That we emerge thereby from barbarism, that we may relapse into it, that savagery lurks at the bottom of most natures, are all facts to teach us the necessity of self-restraint, and above all, of continued mental progress. While I do not doubt that there is no supernatural, that the entire expanse of eternity is a continuation of nature, that being is consecutive without regard to its habitat, without regard to the small fragment we call life, and the illimitable expanse we call "the hereafter," while I believe it is wholesome for a man to have faith that he is not a worm to be trodden out by death, I have no sectarianism, and do not doubt that the efforts of all the Christian sects, to aid men in well living, are beneficial to the race. Besides, what an influx of students would flock to the university if all the religious denominations would select Ann Arbor as their collegiate residence, and there erect their higher church schools! In this manner one of the greatest seats of learning in the world would be established.

I have no doubt that we institute too many colleges. The diplomas of three-quarters of our American colleges carry no significance. They mean nothing, express no standard of education, relegate you to the inquiry, "What of the man himself?" They represent no quality of learning. If I could control I would have made the agricultural college a part of the university, and would weave full commercial courses into all our systems of public education; but the force, the great moral power, of aggregation, of collection of numbers of learned professors of all branches of knowledge, at one center, surrounded by their thousands of students, all matriculating and graduating in *bellas lettres*, arts, sciences, and practicalities of life, is certainly a grand prospect, and would be of great use to the world. In this view Bishop Harris's idea may be extended to everything man ought to learn. Let us think of his idea. What is there to oppose to it? No doubt the foes of all religious education might say "No," because they regard it as foolish. While I do not admit that, and while I abhor any attempt to teach religion as part of State institutions, and believe the great vigor of our churches comes from their independence of State control, I still see the fact that theological institutions will exist, and that as an economy to them and as a strength to the university, their establishment at Ann Arbor would be a gain to the world. The only plea against the idea I try to advocate, is locality. Every little village thinks itself entitled to an institution. No doubt this is laudable, better than nothing; but to help the village is primary, to help education secondary. It is a frittering away of thought. It is inimical to grand libraries, immense collections in art and science, laboratories and apparatus. It is always biting the cherry in two—half here, the other half to the next place. Education, higher education, is the greatest boon of our public systems. No doubt the common schools are a blessing and indispensable yet they are common ground, the separating point between rich and poor, and it is precisely the poor, who need the cheapness and efficiency which would naturally follow the aggregation of the largest possible number of students at our highest seat of learning.

J. LOGAN CHILMAN.

Dangerous American Fortunes.
There is evidence forthcoming from America that fortunes may be accumulated on a scale of which Englishmen have little conception, and that when they have been accumulated their increase may be sought from a motive which is never quite satiated, the thirst for direct and indirect influence on affairs. Europeans, even those who study the subject, underrate American fortunes, first, because they think the rich must spend largely, and secondly, because they assume, what is quite false, that great wealth must be invested at about 4 per cent. It may, as American examples show, be invested by millionaires who do not care for rest in work which yields from three times to ten times that rate. Now, the governing financial fact about the Vanderbilt railways is that they are managed to yield, and do yield, a steady 10 per cent.; and Mr. Vanderbilt ought, therefore, to be in possession of an income of £2,000,000 a year. It is not, probably, so much, because part of his fortune must have been estimated for probate duty on

shares above par; but, taking it at only a million and a half, Mr. Vanderbilt, who does not spend unproductively the interest of his dividends, might easily, at 20 per cent. None of his known rivals, perhaps, could do this; but their sons might, and it is quite on the cards that in 1899 the American Union may possess a dozen capitalists each with fifty millions solidly invested, yielding incomes of from three to four million a year. Be it observed, we do not include any fresh making of money by the millionaire, though they make it every day; or any calculations about compound interest, though there is such a force in movement in their favor. We assume only that they live on the interest of their interest—in Mr. Vanderbilt's case £60,000 a year—and invest the remainder in the new railways, telegraphs, and steam lines which they construct or regulate. The temptation so to accumulate, in a country where lazy wealth brings so little enjoyment, while working wealth brings power, status, and celebrity, is great, and the drawbacks, to a man not afraid of occasional threats, are not many. Railway managers are easily found, other stockholders take much work off the millionaire's hands, and as against ordinary accident, so vast an investment forms its own best insurance. If an Englishman could own 50 per cent. of the Midland & Great Northern, and appoint any director he pleased, his wealth would be fairly secure, much more secure than if he owned a wheat-growing county in East Anglia. The existence of a fortune of this kind, in the hands of a man whose business in life is the acquisition of power, safe for the community? We cannot but feel a doubt of it.—*London Spectator*.

Victims of Pompeii.
The work of exploration which has been steadily going on in Pompeii for over a century, from the day when excavations first began on the site of what was vaguely called "La Civita," in 1748, has led to other than purely archaeological results. It has enabled a very accurate notion to be formed of the nature and extent of the catastrophe. We know, for instance, that the lava stream did not reach Pompeii, and that the city was not destroyed by fire. We know that the eruption was accompanied by one or more shocks of earthquake, which threw down houses here and there, and buried men and women under the ruins. From the fact that skeletons have been found at the entrance to the public bath, which was gutted by the lava, we know that the lava was not present at the gladiatorial performance in the amphitheatre, the time of the catastrophe can be fixed with approximate accuracy at about noon. It would be a mistake to suppose that the majority, or even a very large portion of the inhabitants of Pompeii, perished. The effects of the ash and shower were not instantaneous, and every one who could get away from the city on the first alarm probably saved his life. The bulk of the people were in the amphitheatre, which was situated near one of the city gates on the side remote from Vesuvius, and there was no time to hinder every one in the great audience from getting away in time. Those who perished were those who deliberately put off their flight to save wife and child, or still more often, valuables.

On the whole, there seems good reason for putting the total number of human beings who perished in the eruption at least as high as 1,300. To these should be added the skeletons of three dogs, seven horses, 11 hens, two tortoises, 15 pigs, 10 oxen, and the bones of 15 other animals. The remains of one of these dogs were found in the porch of the "House of Orpheus," and the cast which Signor Fiorelli has taken brings before us with a painful vividness one of the minor tragedies of that awful day. The poor beast was chained at his post, and in the general panic and confusion no one remembered to let him loose. The chain lay by the remains when they were found, and it was evident that the creature had strained his tether to the utmost in the effort to keep him self above the masses of ash and pumice-stone that rapidly accumulated around and over him. The cast is to be seen in the little museum at Pompeii. The dog lies half on his side, half on his back, his slender head and open muzzle, grasping for a little air, buried between the hind legs which have been convulsively brought forward in the last agony of death. But the process which has been so successful in reproducing the very form and likeness of this creature as he lived and died, has produced results no less extraordinary in the case of the human victims of the catastrophe. The idea of pouring plaster of Paris in a liquid state into the molds left by the bodies in the soft ash did not occur to any one till it suddenly flashed across Fiorelli about 20 years ago. Of the remains of the 160 human beings discovered in Pompeii in the first 100 years of the excavations there is consequently only a written record. It is only from the "Journal of Excavations" for the year 1831 that we know of the touching and famous sight which greeted the eyes of the first discoverers of the "House of the Faun." On the floor of the banquet hall lay the body of a woman, probably the mistress of the house, she had thrown them in despair of rescue or escape. The roof had been crushed in by the weight of falling ash and pumice stone, and the hands of the dying woman were upstretched in a vain effort to keep off the impending weight. Parts of the body and clothing could still be made out, and a drawing could be made of the charming foot.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

"Papa," said a gushing young dame, of Chicago, "I want you to give me this Christmas a seal skin sack and muff, a pair of diamond earrings, the beautiful writing desk we were looking at the other day, and baskets and the dear thing's eyes danced in glowing anticipation, while her feet beat a tattoo on the velvet carpet that sounded like muffled thunder."

"Ah, my dear child," replied the proud father, as he gazed at his daughter with a pensive, upward-tendency-in-pork look, "indeed I will. Just hang your stocking up in the hallway, and I will fill it for you, darling, I have to chuck in a bone or lot."

"What is the matter with you?" asked the general manager of the company, "you look like a man who has been through a bad time." "I have been through a bad time," replied the man, "I have been through a bad time." "What is the matter with you?" asked the general manager of the company, "you look like a man who has been through a bad time." "I have been through a bad time," replied the man, "I have been through a

ADULTERATION.

"What is that, mother, that comes from the turn of the mill?" "That is the butter of the turn of the mill."

"What is that, mother, that comes from the turn of the mill?" "That is the butter of the turn of the mill."

THEM STATUARY.

How Jupiter Came to Sneeze.

General H—, who was stationed for many years in Algeria, was quite an original character in his way. He had great natural ability, but he was not so highly educated as he might have been.

The general, as we shall call him, owned a beautiful villa and grounds, and as the occasion was referring to, had determined to give a lawn party to which the Governor and all the higher officers were invited.

"But, general, I can't have them done by next Saturday. It will take months."

"Keep quiet! How much money do you need to get plaster of Paris?"

"All right, general, I will do my best. I will want a hundred francs to buy plaster of Paris."

"Here it is. Now get to work right away, and have them statuary by 8 o'clock Saturday night, or you will wish you had never been born."

nor and other guests in the brilliantly lighted garden. To say that they were astonished at the artistic skill displayed, is to use a feeble word.

"What is it, Governor?"

"I must have been mistaken, but I imagined that Jupiter moved his head. It must have been the light."

"Yes, I suppose so," replied the general. Suddenly the entire company broke into exclamations of horror and astonishment.

"The flight of the deities put the company in such a good humor that, for the sake of the joke, even the inspired sculptor was forgiven."

The old man shoots at a cat.

"Did you hit her?"

"The old man was eighty-five, and the son was younger. He held in his hand a silver-mounted cartridge rifle, which he had just discharged at a cat."

The barrel of this weapon was nearly six feet in length, the stock running along the entire length of the barrel.

"What are you going to do?" asked grandma.

The old gentleman said he was going to "kill a cat."

"Why, pa," exclaimed a middle-aged woman, "that rusty old gun will burst and kill you."

"Oh, ma," said the daughter, "let us go and hide the cartridges. This happy thought was carried into effect, and the old man was left working at the gun and chucking over the refreshing ignorance displayed by the women in supposing that the old flint lock could be rendered harmless by hiding a box of cartridges."

At daylight the next morning some of the residents at the south end were startled by a loud explosion. Windows went up, heads bobbed out to see what had happened.

In one door yard an old man of patriarchal aspect lay flat on his back, in a good position to take lunar observations, although his spectacles had been dislodged and rested on the bottom of his nose as though about to take an inventory of his damaged false teeth.

A Celestial Advertiser.

"I would like to have an advertisement inserted." This was a slogan that would resurrect a dead man behind a newspaper counter, and the clerk turned as if moved by an electric current, and ejaculated: "Yes, sir; want the top of column, I suppose?"

"No, I am not particular," said the advertiser. "Want it inside, next leading editorial?"

"Either page will answer," replied the other. "Want a cut of a death's head and marrow-bones or a sore leg to make it attractive, or a portrait of the advertiser with long hair and a turn-down shirt collar?"

"Clear type, black ink and white paper are good enough for me," was the response. "All right; want head-line in type an inch longer than Jinks' ad. in next column, or will you have it put up down or your name in crooked letters like forked lightning all over it?"

"No; a plain, straightforward advertisement in a space of four inches will answer my purpose." "Good enough. What about ten inches of notice free, don't you?"

The gentleman expected to pay for his paper, and asked the price of the advertisement. The delighted clerk figured it up, and then asked: "If we send the bill around in about a year, you can tell the boy when to call again, can't you?"

"No, I will pay you now," said the other, taking out a roll of bills. The newspaper man's eyes bulged out as he said: "Ah! you want to ask for 75 per cent. discount and 25 per cent. off for cash?"

"I am ready to pay a fair price for value received. Tell me your regular rates and here is the money." A beautiful expression spread over the face of the worn clerk, and he murmured: "Stranger, when did you come down, and when do you expect the Apostles along?"—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

VARIETIES.

Denovo the great old excitement at Petrolia, when speculators, oil men and adventurers were crowding their search for chances to make their fortunes, it chanced that two "glided youths" from a metropolitan city joined the "common herd," and were in the vicinity for several days.

A French scientist has made some experiments recently which go to show that all classes of insects, in proportion to their size, are from the most to the least, as strong as a horse.

Sometimes a man hurts himself when he is trying to do himself a good turn. A farmer, young from the city said to a hand, "My dear sir, I would like to marry your daughter, but I really can't do it unless you settle \$10,000 on her."

A French scientist has made some experiments recently which go to show that all classes of insects, in proportion to their size, are from the most to the least, as strong as a horse.

For five cents, Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt., will send colored samples of all colors of Diamond Dyes, with directions.

"Yes," responded Julia, not knowing exactly what she said.

And did you think you would find it in Mr. Perle's pocket?

Julia was silent. At her time of life she could not be expected to answer such a question. It is often a great disadvantage to be young.

The following dialogue took place in a certain well-known theological college:

Professor (leisurely): "You are the greatest dunce I ever met with. Now I don't believe that you can repeat two texts of Scripture correctly."

Student (in reply): "Yes I can."

Professor: "Well, do it."

Student (feeling and with much thoughtful consideration): "He departed and went and hanged himself." Pause. "Go thou and do likewise."

What then, is that which is no account whatever, unless it is wicked? A candle.

When the button comes off the back of a man's shirt, his collar begins to rise.

A new book is titled: "Short Sayings of Great Men." When are we to have the "Great Sayings of Short Men?"

Mince pies a yard wide and presumably all wool, are now conspicuously displayed in the pastry cook's window.

It was remarked of a market gardener that although he had been growing sage for years he had not grown wise at all.

What things are always going down in the world, and are never known to rise? Avalanches, catarrhs and the human race.

How paradoxical it is that an innkeeper's success depends on his inability to sleep.

What is the difference between a glass half full of water and a broken engagement? One is not filled full and the other is not fulfilled.

They asked him if he was the best man at the wedding. "No," he said, "I don't know as I was the best, but, be jabbers, I was as good as any of 'em!"

"In choosing a wife," says an exchange, "be governed by her chin." The worst of it is that after choosing a wife one is apt to keep on being governed in the same way.

A poet asks: "Why are the dead not dead?" Probably because they lie—in the churchyard and elsewhere. Have you never read on a tombstone, "Dead, but not sleeping?"

"Yes, sir," said the trustee man, "I got even with that clergyman. I said to him, 'Why I hired one hundred people to attend his church and to go to sleep before he preached five minutes.'"

Diogenes—McStagger (on his way home, having jumped over the shadows of the lamp posts, etc., brought up by that of the Kirk steeple). "E—h!" (Pause). "No! mind! No! no! no! for I'll tell you my mind!" "Shall have to wait till then!"

"Dear me!" exclaimed Lucinda, "what a tiresome talker that Dr. Jekyll is! His long talks would tire anything!" Whereat her brother Tom, the wheelwright's apprentice, said: "I'd like to see him talk long enough to tire a wagon wheel!"

A new "Stand" Point—Jones, junior—"Come and have a drink, old man." Brown—"Can't." "I've joined the No-drink exception-al Temperance Association, and quite given up that sort of thing. But, look here; I don't mind if you'll stand me a dinner!"

Key-board gymnastics: Miss Note-banger had just finished a "difficult" piece of music upon the piano-forte. "Beautiful, isn't it?" remarked a young lady. "Yes," replied Fogg. "Splendid exercise. Superior to Indian clubs."

A French scientist has made some experiments recently which go to show that all classes of insects, in proportion to their size, are from the most to the least, as strong as a horse.

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The Household.

A NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

If there be those among the friends of the Household, who, in wishing some friend a happy and bright New Year, desire to present some token of regard which will be not only a pleasant remembrance but a gift from which great benefit may be derived, I would suggest something I know from experience to be of the highest value.

Procure an Excelsior diary and present it with the request that your friend write each day on its pages, some thought, some experience of his inner nature. (This may not at all interfere with the ordinary manner of "keeping a diary," it is an altogether different and more beneficial way.) A diary of any style to suit the purchaser may be selected, from plain Morocco to one having gilt edges and beautiful plush covers of bronze, blue, or crimson.

A handsome silk embroidered book mark, with an appropriate motto, may be placed within its leaves, if desired. These can be obtained at the larger book stores for a small amount of money by those who do not prefer to make them, or cannot. The space devoted to each day should vary according to the habits of thought and labor, and the style of penmanship used by the person for whom the diary is intended.

Some would fill a page each day, but a greater number only half that space. This is a gift to please the most fastidious taste; but that is of inferior value which gives only pleasure. Writing each day some thought worthy to be cherished—and such thoughts come to all who cultivate them—brings one face to face with his own heart. This is a situation we too often avoid. We are afraid of ourselves. We shun close examinations, for they are frequently unflattering. To labor with motives in life, we must know with what motives we work, and upon what principles we build the structure of character. In writing thus every day, we may sometimes find the brain weary and seemingly destitute of thought, then a space may be left; reaction will occur, when the brain will be flooded with thought, then such space will be filled with perfect ease.

One advantage of this plan, particularly for a writer, is in grasping as nearly as possible the experience of moments and scenes which will never occur again in the same light. This is a fact which many of our brain-workers and intellectual leaders recognize. At the best, we gather but the ashes of those "fires of thought"

which illumine the mind. There is an impassable barrier between the illimitable realm of thought and the barren waste of expression, before which language sinks into insignificance. But when the moment of exalted feeling thrills the soul, expression approaches nearest the thought which strives to force intelligence into words. Again, this method of writing stimulates thought, and increases one's thirst for knowledge. So long as we take counsel of our purest strivings, we can never lose our desire to progress. The mind, in all its consciousness, strives to eliminate ignorance, and before that infinitude of thought and truth which perpetually attracts the soul, we stand in longing silence and wonder. It is one of the saddest things in life, that age and its cares should so generally wear humanity from that mental culture which it should be the firm purpose of every one to continue to seek. Man alone stands crowned by the Infinite with immortal life. With life, not death, we are ushered into eternity. What we here gather into the spirit's store-house will be our treasure or curse, eternally. For those who live worthy the sacred thing, life, it is a happy thought to cherish, that in the mortal life our present imperfect memory may restore every gem of thought intrusted to its keeping. At least, we may labor with the assurance that nothing beautiful or good woven in the woof of life will be lost, for "all good is eternally reproductive."

If any choose to adopt this plan himself during the coming year, or induce another to do so, however difficult or insignificant as a means of culture it may appear, I am confident he will be abundantly rewarded in the end. The little book containing so imperfect a sketch of one year's experiences, shadowing forth so indistinctly his heart's emotions, will become very dear to him. A comparison in hours of joy and sadness, mental strength and weakness, connected with the growth of life, telling unerringly of its changes, its progress or decay, it will prove a revelation from his own soul. Its pages will seem to him almost lifelike, and in pressing its leaves, he can almost touch the throbbing moments which hurry life away. We can never be satisfied in this restless existence until we decide what is the object and purpose of life, and work with some definite plan and aim in view. We owe this duty to ourselves; whatever life's tasks may be, we should make each day some true and substantial advancement. The noblest growth is that which expands our own nature, and through our influence, reaches out to elevate our associates.

STRONG-MINDED GIRL.

LESLIE, DEC. 18th.

BOOKS AND BORROWING.

I always had a great love for literature, and as soon as I became possessed of an "assured income," so to speak, I set aside a stipulated sum to be devoted to the purchase of books. The amount was small, only five dollars per year, and this I resolved not to exceed, unless by extra labor or self denial I could increase it without encroaching on that set apart for other purposes.

The first year I bought Thackeray's "Newcomers" and "Vanity Fair," Harper's Household edition, at \$1.25 per volume, one of Miss Alcott's books, and George Eliot's "Adam Bede," which exhausted my fund. But patiently "evaporated" apples over the kitchen stove till I added "The Mill on the Floss," and by denying myself a lovely crimson silk tie, "just my style exactly," became the happy possessor of Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," red line edition. Six volumes of good standard literature in one year, and I did not feel any the poorer! Thus kept on, adding to my treasures through patient self denial and hard work, though I did not, as did Anna Dickinson, sweep street crossings to get money to buy them, till I had accumulated what I proudly felt to be quite a well selected and sensible collection of about seventy volumes. Most strangers, on entering my little parlor, for I could not afford the luxury of a room devoted to library purposes, exclaimed "What a lot of books!"

My collection had not attained the dignity of requiring a book case, when the "book borrower" began to "get in her work." Whether it be an inherited trait, a personal idiosyncrasy or "pure cussedness" I cannot say, but certain it is that there is nothing I would rather lend than a book. I will cheerfully loan my Sunday bonnet, my jewelry, my Bernhard kids or aught else dear to the feminine heart, but not willingly my treasured volumes. So I evaded mine enemy the "book fiend," and strove to conquer by strategy. My success was poor; a dislike to disoblige, a natural inclination to say "yes" more readily than "no," and once or twice the "cheek" of the borrower were more than I could manage, and I parted with sundry copies for a season. But when the "Old Fashioned Girl" came back with a mark on the dainty cheek where a greasy lamp chimney had been carelessly set, when Macaulay's Essays, for which I had paid \$3.75, was returned with leaves dog-eared and soiled with finger marks, let alone the cake crumbs between its pages, and when "David Copperfield" took a walk and never came back—I mourn my loss to this day—I resolved to "turn over a new leaf" and keep it turned, and I did. Probably it was myself against the charge. But I looked at the matter in this light: Most of my borrowing friends were in better, or at least as good worldly circumstances as I; many of them spent more for dress, some expended twice the sum I paid yearly for my new volumes in materials for fancy work; others bought handsome furniture and china. Since our ability to purchase was nearly equal, I did not see why, because my tastes lay in one direction and theirs in another, I should be expected to minister to their amusement or pleasure. I did not ask of them the loan of furniture or dress, napery or fancy work; why, because I put my spending money in books, should I be thought disobligeing to refuse a loan when I never asked one in return? I was not founding a library for the education of the public, but for my own gratification; I had no philanthropic de-

sires in behalf of the community. I merely gratified my own wishes in my purchases. Was I more selfish in my way, when I put my money in what could be lent, than when they put theirs in goods and chattels which custom expects each to possess for himself? I think not. Yet those whose requests for loans I evaded, ignored or refused, voted me selfish and disobligeing!

There are certainly people to whom one can lend even a book, generally most illly treated of all borrowed articles, sure that it will suffer no harm, and there are those who, careful in many things, will not hesitate to lunch with a book in their hands, and deposit crumbs as bookmarks wherever they read. For my own part, as I take pleasure in seeing my friends who, in neat attire, so I like my "silent friends" to be clean and whole. I have much sympathy with the German musician in "The First Violin," who, wishing a certain book, went to the public library to obtain it, and found the copy so soiled and torn that he turned away in disgust and bought a clean new one, though it "exhausted his capital."

I would rather not read a book than to turn leaves on which a "wet thumb" has left its indelible imprint, or hold dings, ragged and stained covers. Perhaps I am too fastidious, but if the books are bought with my "hard earned greenbacks," it strikes me I have a right to keep them as I like them, and it seems to me that a borrowed book ought to be "handled with gloves on," if anything ought.

Perchance this recital of personal woes may not be considered "apropos" for our family circle, yet, possibly, it may awaken thought and induce care on the part of those who habitually borrow their supply of reading matter.

DETROIT, DEC. 20th.

BRUNEFILLE.

CURING MEAT.

I saw in the FARMER of the 5th inst. under the head of "Useful Recipes," a recipe from "Aaron's Wife" for a pickle for curing hams. Now I beg leave to differ with her as to the quantity of salt. She allows three pounds of salt for 200 lbs. of ham, and four gallons of water; please allow me to say that in a term of forty years, in curing hams I have tried different quantities of salt and water, and I know that three pounds of salt and four gallons of water will not do for 200 lbs. of hams, for in no way, nor by any manner of packing can you cover 200 lbs. of hams with four gallons of water. This spoils her recipe, and if you should take sufficient quantity of water with the three pounds of salt, the pickle would be so weak that it would not keep the hams sweet; unless her pickle is made on the homeopathic plan, the more reduced the stronger the pickle. This might do for live flesh, but I would not like to take the chances on my hams.

I will give you a recipe I have used forty years; in that time it has never failed to keep the hams in fine condition for cooking without any freshening. To 100 lbs. of ham take seven lbs. of fine salt, one-fourth lb. saltpetre, one-fourth lb. saleratus; dissolve in hot water, then have a vessel that will hold a quantity of water that, with the salt, saltpetre and saleratus put in, will make pickle enough to cover the hams when closely packed. Heat the pickle, skim off all the scum that rises; then let it settle, and when cold put it on the hams, then have a board or lid that will go inside of the cask in which the hams are packed; put a weight on the top to keep the hams under the pickle; let them remain in the pickle until you wish to smoke them, and you will not fail to have as nice ham as you ever tasted. This recipe is equally as good for beef.

I have been a farmer for fifty years; came from New York six years ago; and have read your valuable paper for farmers ever since I have been in the State, and as this is the season for putting down meat and thinking that some might be misled, I have written the above.

COLDWATER, DEC. 15th.

UNCLE DAVID.

POULTRY.

Many things have been talked over in the Household. I don't remember, however, of ever hearing anything said about chickens. Now ladies I'll inform you on the start that chickens are what I wish to talk about, not fancy work or woman's rights or politics. So if you don't like the subject, just give me a cool reception and you will not be troubled with my company again.

I would like to ask if any of the members are raising chickens as a business, or are hatching them with an incubator? If so, does it pay, and what incubator is used. Also have any used the Common Sense incubator, the directions of said incubator being sent out by J. M. Bain. If any are using them, what success do they have?

Beatrice, I am glad you enjoyed yourself on the shore of Lake Huron last summer, and that you think it a pleasant place; we "natives" think it very nice and like to have others appreciate it also. I like your letters very much. What has become of the old members' wish they would write often.

ST. CLAIR.

MINCE MEAT.—As A. H. J. seems quite anxious for a recipe for mince pie, I will tell her how I make mine, which seem to meet with general favor: One-half bushel apples; two pounds boiled beef; two pounds suet; each chopped separately and finely; two pounds soaked raisins; one pound currants; two quarts boiled cider; one quart molasses; one-half pound citron peel; three pounds sugar; one-half ounce allspice; one-half ounce cloves; one-half ounce mace; one ounce cinnamon; two nutmegs; two tablespoons of salt; put in the water in which the meat was boiled; mix and cook thoroughly for two hours on a slow fire; put up in glass jars tightly corked. When wanted for use thin with sweet milk.

DETROIT, DEC. 21st.

MRS. PERK.

Is Your Liver out of Order?

Then your whole system deranged. The blood is impure, the breath offensive, you have headache, feel languid, dispirited and nervous. To prevent a more serious condition, take at once Simmons Liver Regulator.

The Bad Boy at Breakfast.

"Yes," said the boy, with a vacant look, "I take no interest in the pleasures of the chase any more, though I did have a little quiet fun this morning at the breakfast table. You see pa is the contrary man ever was. If I complain that anything at the table don't taste good, pa says it is all right. This morning I took the sirup pitcher and emptied out the white sirup, and put in some cod-liver oil that ma is taking for her cough, put some on my pancakes, and pretended to taste of it, and I told pa the sirup was sour, and not fit to eat. Pa was mad in a second, and he poured out some on his pancakes, and said I was getting too confounded particular. He said the sirup was good enough for him, and he sopped his pancakes in it and freed some down his neck. He is a gaul darned hypocrite—that's what he is. I could see by his face the cod-liver oil was nearly killing him, but he said the sirup was all right, and if I didn't eat mine he'd break my neck; and I had to eat it, and pa said he guessed he hadn't got much appetite, and he would just drink a cup of coffee and eat a doughnut. I like to die, and that I think makes this disappointment in love harder to bear. But I felt sorry for ma. Ma ain't got a very strong stomach and when she got some of that cod-liver oil in her mouth she went upstairs, sickier'n a horse, and pa had to help her, and she had neuralgia all the morning. I eat pickles to take the taste out of my mouth, and then I laid for the hired girl. They eat too much sirup, anyway, and when they got on to their cod-liver oil and swallowed a lot of it, one of them, an Irish girl, she got up from the table and put her hand on her corset and said, 'Howdy Moses!' and went into the kitchen looking as pale as ma does when she has powder on her face, and the other girl, who is Dutch, said 'Mine Gott, was de matter from me,' and she went out and leaned on the coal bin. Then they talked Irish and Dutch, and got cubs and started to look for me, and I thought I would come over here. The whole family is sick, but it is not from love, like my lilse & an early grave; but not till I have made that girl and the telegraph messenger wish they were dead. Pa and I are going to Chicago next week and I'll bet we'll have some fun. Pa says I need a change of air, and I think he is going to try to lose me. I'd cold day when I left early where that I can't find my way back. Well, good bye, old potatoes.—Pete's son.

Get Rich.

When Hops are \$1.25 per lb. as now, an acre will yield \$1,000 profit, and yet the best family medicine on earth, Hop Bitters, contain the same quantity of Hops and are sold at the same price fixed years ago, although Hops now are twenty times higher than then. Raise Hops, get rich in pocket; use Hop Bitters and get rich in health.

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A VISIT TO THE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

On Thursday last, while at Lansing, in company with Messrs. Hinds, of Stanton, and Butterfield of Port Huron, we took a run out to the Agricultural College. The day was a poor one for getting around, as the soft weather had made a slush of the snow, which was several inches deep. The time was not a good one to see the College at its best, the classes being off on vacation. But the stock was what we went principally to see, and this we had a very good chance to look over, in company with Professor Johnson.

For the information of our readers we will say that specimens of each of the several breeds of cattle have been procured, and experiments are constantly being made to test the qualities of the different breeds. There are at present 37 Shorthorns, 15 Ayrshires, four Jerseys, one Guernsey, two Herefords, one Holstein, one Devon, all of which are pure bred. Of sheep there are 143, of the Merino, Cotswold and Southdown breeds. The swine department is made up of Essex, Berkshire, Poland-China and Jersey Reds.

At the head of the Shorthorn herd is the pure Bates bull Col. Acomb 2d. This bull is of large size, not very good back of the shoulders and somewhat faulty behind, but he has proved a fine stock getter and none of his get show any of his defects. The families of Shorthorns represented in this herd are the Peri Duchess, Rose of Sharon, Victoria Duchess, Helia's, Young Mary, Roan Duchess and Imported Harriets, and are good specimens of each.

The Ayrshire herd is headed by a very fine young bull, Jacob of Linden, bred by T. L. Cooper of Pennsylvania. He is all the undersized, but very smooth and neat in his points. The young animals are good specimens of this family.

The Jerseys consist of two aged cows, a heifer and calf, and a young bull. The heifer is of good size, a solid fawn in color with black points, and has one of the finest udders we have seen. The bull is a very smooth one, dark seal brown in color with a little silver grey on back, and is developing into a very handsome animal. The Hereford cow which was purchased from the Maine herd exhibited at Jackson two years ago, is one of the best specimens of this breed that we have seen in any herd.

The sheep and hogs are a good lot, if we except the specimens of the Poland-Chinas, which we hardly think come up to the improved styles of these hogs. They have the length and coarseness which made them objectionable some years ago.

During our visit there were quite a number of breeders who had come to Lansing to attend the Shorthorn meetings, and looking the College over. It was a first visit for a majority of them, and they were quite surprised at the extent of the farm and the thrifty appearance of the stock. It changed the opinion they had formed of the institution completely, and the future will find them all hearty supporters of the College. They spoke very highly of Professor Johnson's management, the neatness of the barns, stables and pens, and the fine condition in which they found the stock.

We feel that we have not done justice to the stock at the College in this article, but the limited time to prepare this week's paper and the amount of space devoted to the breeders will not permit of our lengthening it out. We have received Prof. Johnson's report for 1922, and there is so much in it that we are of interest to our readers that in future issues we shall publish copious extracts from it.

Last week we had a visit from Mr. John McKay, the genial Shorthorn breeder and farmer of Macomb County. He was on his way to Lansing to attend the annual meeting of the Shorthorn Breeders' Association. While in the office he had occasion to refer to the Acme Pulverizing Harrow now being advertised in the FARMER. He said he had found it one of the very best implements he had ever used. For preparing newly plowed ground for corn or non-implement he had ever used equal to it. One point he liked about it was that a team of horses of nine or ten hundred pounds were able to work it with ease. He thought the Acme excelled all other harrows or cultivators in the nice condition in which it left the ground.

Veterinary Department

Pituitaria in a Cow.
SOUTH LYON, Dec. 18th, 1922.
Veterinary Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

DEAR SIR:—I have a eight year old cow in good condition, in calf, that has got spots of scurf or scabs on her head, neck and shoulders, the spots are whitish or nearly so, and when I rub them off the skin is red, they do not come off hard, there is no hair where the spots are. She is fed on hay, corn-fodder, roots, and some corn. Please give treatment in your next paper and oblige.

A SUBSCRIBER.
Answer.—From the symptoms given we are inclined to believe the trouble with your cow is a cutaneous disease known as Pituitaria, the result of superficial inflammation of the skin, usually occurring in a debilitated constitution. First noticed on head, neck and shoulders, as above described, gradually extending to all parts of the body; presenting whitish, bran-like patches. The disease is sometimes but not invariably accompanied by slight itching. But, as that symptom has not been noted, we suppose the animal suffers no inconvenience on that account. Treatment.—Give internally the following every night for two weeks: two ounces sulphate of magnesia; two drachms Jamaica ginger pulverized; mix well together. Apply to the affected parts the following. One part citrine ointment, to two parts cosmoline; mix well together and use once a day.

Useful in the Family.
We usually like it to doctors to recommend medicines, but Parker's Ginger Tonic has been so useful in our family in relieving sickness and suffering that we cannot say too much in its praise.—Salem Argus.

Over 200,000 Hove Scales have been sold and the demand increasing continually. Borden, Sells & Co., Agents, Chicago, Ill.

COMMERCIAL.

DETROIT WHOLESALE MARKET.

DETROIT, December 22, 1922.

Flour.—Receipts for the week, 4,799 bbls., shipments, 6,912 bbls. Values have declined on white wheat brands the past week in sympathy with the downward movement in the holiday season. The amount of business done is a good average for the season, and the outlook is quite favorable for holders. We quote:

Choice white wheat, (city)..... 4 00/6 30
Choice white wheat, (country)..... 3 75/6 25
Minnesota spring..... 3 75/6 25
Minnesota patents..... 3 75/6 25

Wheat.—The market has been neglected to a great extent the past week, and the transactions in both spot wheat and futures were very light, footing up only 300 carloads of spot and 740,000 bushels of futures. No. 1 white is now at the lowest point reached this season, and no one is particularly anxious to invest. It looks as if there were from 10 to 15c per bu. on good No. 1 white wheat between now and the end of March, and perhaps after the holidays it may strike some operators that way. The Board was closed Saturday and Monday, so that the last quotations are those of Friday, when No. 1 white closed at 90 1/4c, No. 2 at 81 1/4c; No. 3 at 72c, and rejected 61 1/4c. No. 2 or 3 red was offered, and those grades failed to make a record. In futures prices have been better sustained, especially in the later deals. December closed at 90 1/4c, January at 90 1/4c, February at 89 1/4c, and May at 81 1/4c. We do not look for much activity until after the new year has opened.

Corn.—Neglected. No. 2 was offered Friday at 32c per bu. with no takers. Stocks, however, are very light. On the street farmers are getting 30 1/2c to 32c per bu., according to quality.

Oats.—The market on Friday showed considerable strength, and prices were somewhat higher. No. 1 white closed at 41 1/2c per bu., and No. 2 at 39 1/2c. From farmers wagons prices range from 35c to 40c per bu., according to quality.

Barley.—There is considerable barley being received, but mostly of the lower grades. Rates have declined on the medium and lower qualities, which are now quoted at \$1.25 to \$1.60 per cental. The best samples would command from \$1.80 to \$2.00 per cental.

Feed.—The market continues quiet and unchanged. Bran would command about \$13.50 and coarse middling \$13.75; corn meal \$28, and corn and oats \$20.25.

Butter.—The market is dull and slow. Quotations are the same as a week ago, namely, 30c to 32c per lb. for best selections. Stock of poor quality is not inquired for, and is difficult to dispose of at any price.

Cheese.—Fine full cream stock is steady at 15 1/2c to 16 1/2c, and second quality at 14 1/2c to 15 1/2c per lb. Market quiet and steady. Quotations are 22 1/2c to 23c per lb. Limited are quoted at 22 1/2c to 23c.

Beeswax.—Scarce and very firm; quotations are 22 1/2c to 23c per lb.

Onions.—Market dull. Prices are \$1.50 per bbl., and 40c to 45c per bu.

Beans.—Steady and unchanged. City picked, \$3.00 per bu.; unpacked, \$2.50 to \$3.00.

Apples.—Only moving in small quantities. By the carload latest sales were \$2.50 per bbl. The local trade are paying \$2.75 to \$3.00 per bbl. for fair fruits.

Apple Jelly.—The market is well supplied at 7 1/2c.

Cranberries.—Choice Cape Code fruit is firm at \$15 per bbl and 30c per box.

Dried Fruit.—Apples are in demand at 7 1/2c. Evaporated fruit quoted at 14c per lb.

Clover Seed.—Very scarce, and late advances in prices seem to be well sustained. Prime seed would bring 50c to 55c and No. 2 seed 35c.

Poultry.—The weather is against the market, and prices are working downwards. Turkeys have sold at 14c to 15c per lb., but chickens have dragged at 10c to 11c. Ducks are scarce, and sell at 12c to 14c. Eggs are bringing 11c per lb.

Peanut.—Wisconsin dried blue peas, \$1.00 to 1.10; the market is quiet.

Potatoes.—Not many are moving at present, but market is firm for carloads a demand prevails at 65c to 66c. Receipts and offerings are light.

Hickory Nuts.—Quail; shell barks, \$1.75; large thick shells, \$1.00 to 1.10.

Honey.—Almost featureless. Fine white comb is held at 16c to 18c, with little or no movement.

Hops.—Nothing doing; nominal at 90c to \$1.00 per lb.

Dressed Hogs.—Receipts have been fair and packers have secured good supplies. Prices are unchanged, the average range being at 57c to 58c per cwt.

Game.—Turkeys are in good demand at 12c to 15c; partridges are scarce at 75c to 85c; quail are almost a drug at \$1.00 to 1.25; receipts of rabbits very free and they are sold at 10c to 12c; squirrels are slow at about 75c.

Provisions.—There is another decline to note in barreled pork and smoked meats, but only a slight one. The movement of the past week has been heavy on it at the West, and enabled buyers in Chicago and St. Louis to "bear" the market. The total number of hogs packed from November 1 to December 20 is put at 2,963,920, against 3,370,118 for the same time last year; and it must also be remembered that last year's hog crop was a short one. We can see no good reason for weakness in hogs at present. Quotations in this market are as follows:

Mess.—\$17.50 to \$18.00
Family do..... 18 50 to 19 00
Clover do..... 19 50 to 20 00
Lard in kegs, per lb..... 11 1/2 to 12 1/2
Hams, per lb..... 12 1/2 to 13 1/2
Shoulders, per lb..... 9 1/2 to 10 1/2
Chico bacon, per lb..... 12 1/2 to 13 1/2
Extra mess, per lb..... 12 00 to 12 1/2
Tailor, per lb..... 7 00 to 7 1/2
Dried beef, per lb..... 12 00 to 12 1/2

At the Michigan Central Yards.
Saturday, Dec. 23, 1922.

The following were the receipts at these yards:

Cattle, Sheep, Hogs.
No. 1..... 64 44
Brighton..... 12 192
Chickens..... 19 6
Clyde..... 6 51
Dexter..... 8 51
H. & K. Y..... 16 106
Charlotte..... 16 106
Fagle..... 6 80
Tonia..... 28 9
Milford..... 18 91
Metamora..... 20 31
Mason..... 198 31
Northville..... 8 44
Oxford..... 8 44
Rochester..... 90 46
South Lyon..... 30 16
Vermillionville..... 6 110
Whitcomb..... 6 52
Williamson..... 57 47
Ypsilanti..... 18 40
Total..... 384 1,948 719

CATTLE.—The offerings of cattle at these yards were 384 head, against 290 last week. The demand for cattle was not active, and the offerings were quite sufficient to supply the trade. Prices averaged about 10 cents per hundred lower than those of last week. The following were the closing quotations:

Good to choice shipping steers..... \$5.50 to \$6.50
Fair shipping steers..... 4.00 to \$5.00
Fair butchers' steers..... 3.50 to \$4.50
Fair butchers' steers..... 3.00 to \$4.00
Fair to good mixed butchers' stock 3.75 to \$4.25
Choice mixed butchers' stock..... 3.40 to \$3.90
Bulls..... 3.00 to \$3.50
Stockers..... 3.25 to \$3.75
Brown sold Drake 3 feeders av 800 lbs at \$4, and a bull weighing 1,200 lbs at \$3.25.

Dunning sold Duff & Regan a mixed lot of 7 head of thin butchers' stock av 570 lbs at \$3.50.
Spencer sold Duff & Regan a mixed lot of 11 head of coarse butchers' stock av 520 lbs at \$3.25, and 2 good cows av 1,200 lbs at \$4.50.
Sweet sold Duff & Regan 4 fair butchers' heifers av 747 lbs at \$3.85.

Millard sold Duff & Caplin 3 thin butchers' cows av 1,000 lbs at \$3.85.
Spencer sold Duff & Caplin a mixed lot of 5 head of coarse butchers' stock av 572 lbs at \$3.20.
Haywood sold Drake 3 stockers av 750 lbs at \$3.25.
Silly sold Drake 3 fair butchers' steers av 1,000 lbs at \$4.25, and a bull weighing 1,200 lbs at \$3.25.
Culver sold Sullivan a mixed lot of 14 head of thin butchers' stock av 512 lbs at \$3.20.
Payne sold Sullivan a mixed lot of 12 head of thin butchers' stock av 780 lbs at \$3.70; 3 good heifers av 800 lbs at \$4.50, and a thin one weighing 700 lbs at \$2.50.
Culver sold Sullivan 4 stockers av 730 lbs at \$3.25.
Haywood sold Sullivan 5 stockers av 680 lbs at \$3.45.
Giddings sold Drake 10 good butchers' steers av 1,000 lbs at \$4.75.
Chase sold Drake 5 feeders av 860 lbs at \$4.
Kalahar sold Duff & Caplin 3 fair butchers' heifers av 870 lbs at \$4.12 1/2, and 3 coarse oxen to Sullivan av 1,650 lbs at \$3.50.
Pouch sold Drake 3 stockers av 740 lbs at \$3.60.
McMullen sold Sullivan a mixed lot of 11 head of thin butchers' stock av 512 lbs at \$3.20.
Judson sold Duff & Caplin a mixed lot of 6 head of thin butchers' stock av 1,040 lbs at \$3.60, and 12 feeders to Drake av 800 lbs at \$4.
Kalahar sold McKee a mixed lot of 12 head of thin butchers' stock av 1,040 lbs at \$3.60.
Roe & Tucker sold McKee 3 mixed westerns av 900 lbs at \$3.50.
Lovelock sold Duff & Caplin a mixed lot of 6 head of thin butchers' stock av 850 lbs at \$3.55.
Moyes sold Sullivan 5 fair butchers' heifers av 1,018 lbs at \$4.25.
Bliss sold Kammam a mixed lot of 6 head of thin butchers' stock av 880 lbs at \$3.60.

SHEEP.—The offerings of sheep numbered 1,348, against 964 last week. The market was active and by nine o'clock the offerings had all changed hands at prices that ranged about 10 cents per hundred lower than last week.

Kidlings sold Culver 15 av 102 lbs at \$4.50.
Bridgford sold Stevens 15 av 90 lbs at \$4.
Hyman sold Stevens 15 av 90 lbs at \$4.
Giddings sold McKee 15 av 90 lbs at \$4.
Shively sold Wm Wreford & Co 83 av 84 lbs at \$3.50.

Copper sold Wm Wreford & Co 30 av 101 lbs at \$3.80.
Bliss sold Wm Wreford & Co 40 av 77 lbs at \$3.80.
Burlingame sold Wm Wreford & Co 98 av 97 lbs at \$4.50, and 64 av 90 lbs at \$4.
Peach sold Devine 17 av 87 lbs at \$3.20.
Moon sold Dunning 59 av 83 lbs at \$4.20.
Judson sold Wm Wreford & Co 102 av 55 lbs at \$4.

HOGS.—The offerings of hogs numbered 749, against 1,908 last week. The hog market was very active, and to 10 o'clock per hundred higher than last week. There was not enough offered to supply the demand, and the market closed very firm.

Brown sold Hammond 61 av 213 lbs at \$5.70.
Dewey sold Drake 46 av 251 lbs at \$5.90.
Headless sold Drake 28 av 265 lbs at \$5.90.
Hyman sold Hammond 48 av 218 lbs at \$5.85.
Platon sold Hammond 48 av 218 lbs at \$5.85.
Clark sold Hammond 48 av 218 lbs at \$5.85.
Hyman sold Stevens 32 av 165 lbs at \$5.45.
Spencer sold Hammond 47 av 192 lbs at \$5.90.
Hyman sold Drake 63 av 212 lbs at \$5.85.
Giddings sold Hammond 31 av 272 lbs at \$5.85.
Culver sold Hammond 49 av 243 lbs at \$5.85.
Stabler sold Drake 35 av 247 lbs at \$5.80.

KING'S YARDS.
Monday, Dec. 23, 1922.

CATTLE.—The offerings of cattle at these yards were hardly enough in number to establish prices, but there were a few buyers and it was slow work for sellers to get rid of the small lot on hand. Prices were about 25 cents per hundred lower than last week.

Overhead sold Robinson a mixed lot of 7 head of fair butchers' stock av 770 lbs at \$3.70.
White sold Smith a mixed lot of 18 head of fair butchers' stock av 840 lbs at \$3.70.
Freeman sold Gentry 4 good butchers' steers av 1,040 lbs at \$4.25, and 3 to Kraft av 1,070 lbs at \$4.20.

Green sold Marx a mixed lot of 9 head of fair butchers' stock av 800 lbs at \$3.70.
Green sold Wm Wreford & Co 20 av 99 lbs at \$4.50.
Overhead sold Wm Wreford & Co 49 av 92 lbs at \$4.50.

BUFFALO.—CATTLE.—Receipts, 12,338 head, against 11,781 the previous week. At the opening on Monday, besides the fresh receipts there were some 30 loads which had been left over at the close of the week previous. The market opened slow but soon improved and ruled active. Christmas cattle sold at \$7.25 to \$7.50 fair to medium shippers, \$7.50 to \$8.00, \$5.00 to \$5.50, and choice, \$6.00 to \$6.50; mixed butchers' stock, \$3.75 to \$4.00; feeders were in good request and sold at \$4.15 to \$4.50. The market on Tuesday and Wednesday slackened off a little, but there was no material change in prices. Among the sales of Michigan cattle were 29 steers av 1,578 lbs at \$6.30; 15 do av 1,382 lbs at \$6.30; 34 av 1,285 lbs at \$5.65; 33 av 1,208 lbs at \$5.15; 2 Christmas do av 1,875 lbs at \$6.35; 12 do av 1,605 lbs at \$5.40; 30 do av 1,106 lbs at \$5.15; 17 steers av \$5.15 to \$5.40; 20 do av \$3.75 to \$4.15; 12 feeders av \$3.40 to \$4.75; 36 do av \$2.85 to \$4.15; 43 do av \$6.00 at \$4.75; 30 do av \$2.45 to \$4.15. The following were the closing quotations:

Extra Bees—Graded steers weighing 1,000 lbs and upward..... 10 00 to 10 50
Choice Bees—Fine, fat, well-formed steers, weighing 1,300 to 1,400 lbs..... 9 00 to 9 50
Good Bees—Well-fattened steers weighing 1,200 to 1,300 lbs..... 8 50 to 9 00
Medium Grades, Steers in fair condition weighing 1,000 to 1,200 lbs..... 8 00 to 8 50
Good Butchers' Bees—Fat steers weighing 900 to 1,000 lbs..... 7 50 to 8 00
Heifer—Fair to choice..... 6 50 to 7 00
Cows and Heifers—Good to choice..... 6 00 to 6 50
Texans and Cheyennes..... 4 00 to 4 50
Mixed Butchers' Stock—Common steers, single, old cows, 1000 lbs and upward..... 3 25 to 3 50
Feeders—Good to choice western, weighing from 900 to 1,000 lbs..... 3 00 to 3 25
Canadian feeders..... 4 50 to 5 25
Stock Steers—Western, weighing 800 to 900 lbs..... 3 40 to 4 00
Stock Steers..... 3 00 to 3 25
Butchers' do, fair to good..... 3 25 to 3 50
Veals—Fair to prime of 100 to 150 lbs average..... 7 50 to 8 00

Hogs.—Receipts, 58,050, against 49,335 the previous week. The market opened in fair way, but at the closing prices of the previous week, but weaker towards the close. On Tuesday it was again weak, but on Wednesday the demand was quite active at an advance of 10 to 15 cents per hundred compared with those of Monday. York ers, good to choice, sold at \$5.25 to \$5.50; fair to medium, \$5.00 to \$5.25; medium, fair to choice, \$4.75 to \$5.00; good to extra heavy, \$4.50 to \$4.75; pigs, \$3.50 to \$4.00; skips and culls, \$2.50 to \$3.00.

CHICKENS.—Receipts, 31,092, against 36,088 last week. Shipments, 15,535. The market opened up fairly active on Monday with a moderate supply. There was no extra cattle, but the proportion of fair to choice was larger than usual, and the trading principally at \$4.25 to \$5.25, the best droves going at \$5.75 to \$5.85. Butchers' stock was in good request, and sold at \$3.10 to \$3.75. On Tuesday, the market ruled active, and the best droves of 100 to 150 lbs were sold at \$5.25 to \$5.50. The market on Wednesday was quiet, and the offerings were quite active at an advance of 10 to 15 cents per hundred compared with those of Monday. York ers, good to choice, sold at \$5.25 to \$5.50; fair to medium, \$5.00 to \$5.25; medium, fair to choice, \$4.75 to \$5.00; good to extra heavy, \$4.50 to \$4.75; pigs, \$3.50 to \$4.00; skips and culls, \$2.50 to \$3.00.

EXTRA BEES.—Graded steers weighing 1,000 lbs and upward..... 10 00 to 10 50
Choice Bees—Fine, fat, well-formed steers, weighing 1,300 to 1,400 lbs..... 9 00 to 9 50
Good Bees—Well-fattened steers weighing 1,200 to 1,300 lbs..... 8 50 to 9 00
Medium Grades, Steers in fair condition weighing 1,000 to 1,200 lbs..... 8 00 to 8 50
Good Butchers' Bees—Fat steers weighing 900 to 1,000 lbs..... 7 50 to 8 00
Heifer—Fair to choice..... 6 50 to 7 00
Cows and Heifers—Good to choice..... 6 00 to 6 50
Texans and Cheyennes..... 4 00 to 4 50
Mixed Butchers' Stock—Common steers, single, old cows, 1000 lbs and upward..... 3 25 to 3 50
Feeders—Good to choice western, weighing from 900 to 1,000 lbs..... 3 00 to 3 25
Canadian feeders..... 4 50 to 5 25
Stock Steers—Western, weighing 800 to 900 lbs..... 3 40 to 4 00
Stock Steers..... 3 00 to 3 25
Butchers' do, fair to good..... 3 25 to 3 50
Veals—Fair to prime of 100 to 150 lbs average..... 7 50 to 8 00

Hogs.—Receipts, 58,050, against 49,335 the previous week. The market opened in fair way, but at the closing prices of the previous week, but weaker towards the close. On Tuesday it was again weak, but on Wednesday the demand was quite active at an advance of 10 to 15 cents per hundred compared with those of Monday. York ers, good to choice, sold at \$5.25 to \$5.50; fair to medium, \$5.00 to \$5.25; medium, fair to choice, \$4.75 to \$5.00; good to extra heavy, \$4.50 to \$4.75; pigs, \$3.50 to \$4.00; skips and culls, \$2.50 to \$3.00.

EXTRA BEES.—Graded steers weighing 1,000 lbs and upward..... 10 00 to 10 50
Choice Bees—Fine, fat, well-formed steers, weighing 1,300 to 1,400 lbs..... 9 00 to 9 50
Good Bees—Well-fattened steers weighing 1,200 to 1,300 lbs..... 8 50 to 9 00
Medium Grades, Steers in fair condition weighing 1,000 to 1,200 lbs..... 8 00 to 8 50
Good Butchers' Bees—Fat steers weighing 900 to 1,000 lbs..... 7 50 to 8 00
Heifer—Fair to choice..... 6 50 to 7 00
Cows and Heifers—Good to choice..... 6 00 to 6 50
Texans and Cheyennes..... 4 00 to 4 50
Mixed Butchers' Stock—Common steers, single, old cows, 1000 lbs and upward..... 3 25 to 3 50
Feeders—Good to choice western, weighing from 900 to 1,000 lbs..... 3 00 to 3 25
Canadian feeders..... 4 50 to 5 25
Stock Steers—Western, weighing 800 to 900 lbs..... 3 40 to 4 00
Stock Steers..... 3 00 to 3 25
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